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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—June 16, 1973, 50 cents

How the FBI and CIA Played the Game

Walter Pincus

Brezhnev's Visit—*Gregory Grossman*
Stocks, Gold & You—*Melville J. Ulmer*
Energy Binge—*Morris K. Udall*
China Journal—*Stanley Karnow*

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You learn which stocks rose during the 1st great depression, which ones declined, which ones are likely to react during this coming depression, and how.

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TRB

from Washington
June 16, 1973

A Matter of Time

The earth is a small planet rapidly running out of food and energy. World population grows two percent annually, doubling every 35 years. There are 3.5 billion people on Spaceship Earth now and there will be twice that by AD 2000. Take a day off; when you come back the earth will have 200,000 more people. That's the size of Des Moines. We add a new Des Moines to our spaceship's passenger list every 24 hours. This can't last. It's as though our pleasant planet were infected—infected with people. If we don't curb our procreation voluntarily Nature will do it some other way, by war or pestilence or famine. Probably famine.

The United States will be the last nation involved, probably, but occasionally even now some scary sign sends a chill through the observant. A summer shortage of gasoline in some areas . . . how inconvenient! Why don't officials plan better? The fact is, of course, that til a few years ago the US was only marginally dependent on petroleum imports, but that in another dozen years we will import over half of what we use. Our consumption climbs three to four percent a year. Western Europe now imports 96 percent of its petroleum; Japan 99 percent. That form of energy on our little planet is burning out.

Or take food—take that amusing little "cod war" up north where cheeky Iceland is standing up to Britain. Iceland has extended its 12-mile territorial waters out to 50 miles. Why? Because the fishing banks are getting fished out. It seems incredible. But it's happening off marine countries in various spots of the world. Man's hunger is emptying the oceans of certain edible fish. This is only the beginning. The oceans, whose very name is a metaphor of teeming inexhaustibility, are reaching their limit of supply against the hunger of uncontrolled human fertility.

But hasn't there been a "green revolution"—miracle wheat and rice? Didn't they solve the food problem? The best answer is the story of Ireland. In the 17th century Ireland had two million people—mostly destitute. Then in the 18th century came the potato from the New World—the "green revolution" of that era. Population skyrocketed. By 1835 eight million people lived in Ireland—mostly destitute. Then came the potato blight: two million people starved, two million emigrated, four million were left—mostly destitute.

Nature laughed at the latest wheat-rice "green revolution." It postponed accounts maybe five or six years. Back in the mid '60s India produced 82 million tons of food grain and has since lifted this to over 100 million. Fine; the only thing is that the bigger crop must now feed 70 million more Indians.

Now there have come a couple of monsoons in India and drought in Africa. *Newsweek* calls the result "The Year of Famine" (June 4) and shows pictures of starved livestock and wizened children. "Nearly six million people may die," says the UN Economic Commission for Africa.

But this is just a small famine; nothing to think much about. When the big famine comes, a few years from now, we probably won't recognize it for a while. It needs a symbol, like Smokey Bear, or Woodsie Owl. Let us call her Fulani. She is 12, but looks eight. She has a dull, vacant look; winces if you shake hands. Malnourishment lacks drama; it is less obtrusive than famine. It affects mental development, probably permanently. That's the human raw material in many backward countries now, waiting, waiting. Fulani is the child behind the vacant eyes.

The shocking thing is that there's not much we can do for Fulani. We feel we should help hungry nations. But they are spending $26 billion annually on armaments; three times what they receive in official development assistance. We can send them food and missionaries and physicians, but only they can halt population growth. Presumably Fulani's father and mother love her. But, ultimately, she is just a statistic. When a species runs wild on our small planet, Nature is brutal. The lines of food and population growth are on a collision course. There is every prospect, before long, that we are going to see the greatest catastrophe in human history.

It will be rather uncomfortable watching them die over the next 20-30 years, but we can stand it, I guess. After all, the *Newsweek* piece on the current famine only made page 44.

Books come out telling about our shrinking planet all the time but mostly Americans don't read them. William and Paul Paddock six years ago wrote a prophetic *Famine—1975*, and William and Elizabeth Paddock have a new one, *We Don't Know How* (paper; Iowa State). Lester R. Brown wrote *World Without Borders* last year. And there's always Gunnar Myrdal.

The US belongs to the upper tier of northern countries and is the richest of the lot. With six percent of the world's population we eat a third of its beef and consume a third of its energy. The gap between rich and poor countries is growing all the time. In 1960 the per capita GNP gap was $2000; today it is $3000. Even so, for Uncle Sam there are occasional problems. Supermarket food prices are going up partly because other newly affluent nations are bidding for choice foods for the first time; Russia snatched one-half of our wheat crop right out from under our noses, and nonplussed American officials actually helped finance Moscow's brilliant raid with subsidy payments. Like the Reykjavik cod war, a historic first.

It's not merely in food and petroleum that the United States is feeling competition. There are 13 basic industrial raw materials (other than oil) required by modern economy. A country is import-dependent if it must import more than 50 percent of one of these. Back in 1950 the US was import-dependent on only four (aluminum, manganese, nickel and tin). By 1970 it was up to six (zinc and chromium added). By 1985 we shall add three more (iron, lead, tungsten). And by AD 2000 we shall probably add copper, potassium, sulfur, and be import-dependent for all 13 necessary raw materials but phosphate.

To sum it up, this small planet is getting too many passengers. It is one of those unthinkable thoughts now come true. Affluent America has suddenly discovered environment, and faces some initial shortages. But for one-third of the world's exploding population the shortage is food, and the prospect is famine.

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Prosecution And Publicity

No prosecutor likes to have his case tried by anyone else, or his witnesses put under oath in some other proceeding. And a prosecutor who recognizes that the government's interest is not to obtain convictions but to see to it that justice is done must be unhappy if the facts relating to a criminal charge are aired before the TV cameras, without a judge winnowing reliable from untrustworthy proof and without the protection that centuries of legal development have established for those who are accused of crime. All this made Special Watergate Prosecutor Archibald Cox's decision to seek a suspension of the Senate hearings understandable. Nevertheless, the Ervin Committee was right to turn Cox down and proceed with its investigation of the dirty work done by aides and agents of the Nixon campaign.

Watergate is not an ordinary criminal case—not even an ordinary criminal case of the complex variety. As Mr. Cox's very presence on the scene proves, it is a singular event in the nation's history. The premises on which criminal investigations and prosecutions are ordinarily conducted cannot be applied automatically.

Take one of Mr. Cox's principal concerns—that "premature disclosure of testimony" before the TV cameras will enable the guilty "to fabricate explanations" and makes it more difficult to get "truthful information from potential witnesses." The proposition makes good sense in the usual crime of violence, and prosecutors are ordinarily reluctant to disclose in advance of trial the details of testimony that their witnesses will give because an astute defendant can manufacture a defense around what he knows the government will prove. The same is often true of white-collar crimes, where the prosecution relies on circumstantial proof of a defendant's complicity in a stock fraud scheme, for example. But the actual or prospective defendants in those situations are not, at the same time, attempting to maintain a public posture of honesty and credibility that requires them publicly to meet the allegations as they are made. The greatest breaks in the Watergate case have come after public disclosures of witnesses' testimony, and after the press has requested the targets of the disclosures to meet the charges made against them. The admission by the President's assistant press secretary that the President did, in fact, meet on numerous occasions with John Dean to discuss Watergate is a recent illustration of this recurring phenomenon. Moreover

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investigation by a handful of prosecutors—even if they are the most honest, dedicated and able men available—cannot possibly match the glare of the public eye. Every nuance of the testimony of the witnesses at the Ervin hearings is subject to the probing examination of tens of thousands of amateur prosecutors—reporters, interested citizens and even bystanders who might have witnessed some event that fits into the total fabric. The sad fact remains that the grand jury that investigated the original break-in at the Watergate was lied to repeatedly, as was the jury that eventually heard the testimony against McCord and Liddy. Unlike their Perry Mason TV counterparts, real-life witnesses seldom break down under cross-examination and blurt out the truth. So the likelihood of truth emerging is greater when a witness tells his story under oath before the TV cameras, with everything open to questioning, and with the entire nation watching.

It is said that witnesses often are persuaded to tell the truth to prosecutors because they are afraid that if they do not cooperate they will be prosecuted and go to jail, and that public hearings reduce this threat because witnesses will know that courts may throw out the cases on prejudicial publicity grounds. Yet one need only recall the case of Jack Ruby, the assassin of Lee Harvey Oswald, to find a trial that was upheld even though *the crime itself was committed on nationwide television.* No competent lawyer can, in good faith, advise a potential Watergate defendant that the Ervin hearings will give him a total defense to a criminal prosecution. If and when a prejudicial publicity claim is made at a Watergate trial, the court will surely consider the fact that the defendants, by the offices they hold, and the offense, by its very nature, carry great public interest.

The leading judicial decision in which a criminal conviction was reversed because the defendant was the subject of a public congressional investigation was *Delaney vs. United States,* decided in 1952 by the Court of Appeals for the First Circuit. The court there observed that the testimony before the legislative committee "ranged far beyond matters relevant to the pending indictments." Allegations that the accused, the IRS collector in Boston, had "irregularities" on his tax returns, that he had participated in "activities smacking of fraud" and that he had engaged in "influence-peddling" were made and publicized before his trial for receiving payments and making false discharges of tax obligations. The trial was held two-and-a-half months after the hearing, and the court of appeals ruled that there should have been a longer waiting period between the end of the hearings and the trial. The court did *not* decide that a trial was impossible; just that there would have to be more of a cooling-off period. If anything, the *Delaney* decision buttresses Senator Ervin's view that it is better to proceed with his hearings now than to wait until after the expected indictments. Since it is the trial, and not the indictments, that are of principal concern (in the case of Dave Beck, the Supreme Court refused to invalidate an indictment on publicity grounds), the key waiting period is between hearings and trial.

Finally Mr. Cox has raised the point that grants of immunity to witnesses before the Senate committee "will bar successful prosecution." In fact all that happens by the conferral of "immunity" is that a witness is assured that what he says in answer to questions (and any other evidence derived from those answers) cannot be used against him. He may still be prosecuted on the basis of evidence that the government had before he testified. And, as Senator Ervin pointed out in response to Cox's letter, the prosecutors certainly have enough proof against the major potential defendants by this time that they do not need the particular sworn answers those defendants will give to the committee.

Here again Watergate differs from the ordinary case. In the run-of-the-mill situation a prosecutor who has substantial evidence against a defendant will still resist a grant of immunity to that defendant by some other agency of government because immunity gives the defense lawyer a tactical advantage. Once immunity is conferred, the prosecutor must prove, as to each piece of evidence that goes before the jury at trial, that it was not the "fruit" of the testimony obtained under immunity. This job is always a nuisance and occasionally a real hindrance to an effective prosecution. But in Watergate it should be easy enough to overcome. The prosecutors can simply put under court seal copies of all the evidence they have gathered before the "immunized" witness testifies, thereby establishing—beyond any question—that his compelled answers did not produce that evidence.

Whatever doubts we have about the hearings are of another sort. Have the senators and their counsels mastered the complexities of the case and are they meticulously following up important leads? Robert Reisner, former administrative assistant to deputy campaign chairman Jeb Magruder, testified he prepared a folder for presentation to John Mitchell with "Gemstone" (*i.e.* wiretapped) information in it. He also testified that normally copies of all material given to Mitchell were sent to H. R. Haldeman. No one asked specifically whether "Gemstone" material *was* sent to Haldeman. Hugh Sloan, Jr., mentioned a Francis Raine of California as someone who brought "several hundred thousand dollars" in cash to Washington, described as carryover money from the 1968 campaign. No one asked where Raine (who is Haldeman's brother-in-law) got the money. The committee often seems reluctant to press a witness and when it does, it often bears down on minor points. That failure has not hurt yet, but the senators haven't faced a tough, uncooperative witness. At that point we may wish it were Cox and trained prosecutors in front of the TV cameras rather than Ervin's jovial band.

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Bombing as Usual

Ever since Lyndon Johnson won Congress to the cause of military intervention in Indochina with the Tonkin Resolution, it was argued that US bombing was necessary to protect the lives of our fighting men. That rationale blew up when a cease-fire was signed, US troops and prisoners came home, and the Tonkin Resolution was repealed. Gradually it became clear to Congress, which for a decade had deferred to the Executive on Vietnam, that the administration not only had no legal, but no plausible case for continuing the bombing. That new awareness didn't trouble the President or his secretaries of State and Defense, not until quite recently.

Then, on May 10, with the President being battered by Watergate, the House voted 219-188 to forbid the use of supplemental military funds for bombing Cambodia. The Senate on May 31 approved a more stringent provision (63-19), the "Eagleton amendment," forbidding diversion of present or past military appropriations to the bombing of Cambodia or Laos. Both amendments went to conference last week, where differences were being worked out.

The executive response was first to ignore it, then to produce a few perfunctory legal and tactical justifications, briefly to defy Congress and finally to return to the original policy of indifference. The administration's boldest rebuke came from Elliot Richardson when, as the outgoing secretary of Defense, he told a Senate committee that even if the House amendment were enacted, he and the President would look elsewhere to find the money for bombing. That sent the amendments through Congress with more support than anticipated.

Near the end of May, the Pentagon began to show an uncharacteristic concern for its bombing budget and announced that B-52 raids over Cambodia were being cut back by 40 percent to about 30 flights a day. The statistic was not translated into probable Cambodian deaths or property destruction: that is never done when Asians are the anticipated casualties. The smaller fighter bombers, we were assured, would continue to make the accustomed 150 sorties a day. Officially the cutback was described as an attempt to reduce costs and stay within the new congressional ceiling. Others saw it as a move to relieve uncooperative pilots of their assignments: many B-52 pilots assigned to Southeast Asia have written to Congress complaining that they are being used as mercenaries.

A report issued last week by Rep. Les Aspin (D, Wisc.) indicates that the Pentagon may have already overspent itself on air strikes. Aspin weeks ago questioned the legality of the current bombing, after reading the testimony of acting Assistant Defense Secretary Don Brazier, who said in April that $492 million more than anticipated had been spent on operations in Indochina. Brazier said the Pentagon had transferred funds to bombing and other operations without congressional approval. Queried about the legal authority for this, Brazier replied, "It was the only course of action available to us during the period Congress was not in session and when we were not able to actually submit a supplemental [budget request]." Rep. Robert Sikes (D, Fla.), chairman of the committee reviewing

"I think I'll just walk over and deliver this personally."

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the budget, pointed out that this was illegal. Brazier quickly shifted ground, saying the money had not actually been transferred or spent, but that certain programs had been run "at a deficiency rate." That sufficed for the moment.

Reviewing the record afterward, Rep. Aspin came across this dialogue and charged that the Pentagon had violated the Anti-Deficiency Act (a 1905 law that forbids precisely this sort of spending). The Defense Department soon produced an entirely new justification, one it had never used before. It said the President had granted a special exemption for deficiency spending in Indochina last fall—provided in an obscure section of the appropriation bill allowing him to incur deficits "whenever he deems such action to be necessary in the interest of national defense." The President, according to the Pentagon, granted the exemption on November 24, 1972. Although the law says the secretary of Defense must "immediately notify" Congress when this happens, no notification was given until March 16, 1973, four months later. The Pentagon said the delay was due to "administrative oversight."

We can be sure the war justifiers are at work scraping the bottom of the barrel for new legalisms. But if all else fails, and the President decides the bombing must go on, one expert believes the next legal citation will come from a very old law, the Feed and Forage Act of 1861. The Pentagon has cited this Civil War relic before and may wish to resurrect it again. In an emergency it permits government forces to seize food and material and even to contract for services without appropriation. Originally it was meant to cover troops who were cut off from lines of supply, but a favorable reading can justify all kinds of unauthorized military spending. It takes a lot of feeding and foraging to keep the B-52s in action.

"Nonhostile deaths"

The toll of Americans killed in action in Indochina between January 1961 and the end of March this year is nearly 46,000, but the number of Americans who died there is almost 25 percent greater. According to Department of Defense statistics for the same period, 10,303 American servicemen and women died in Indochina from "nonhostile causes." To the military such classifications have an essentially bureaucratic significance: soldiers who died in combat get Purple Heart decorations on their caskets, the others do not.

In February Senator Robert Byrd (D, W. Va.), the majority whip, asked the Pentagon for a report on servicemen who died in Vietnam from "nonhostile causes." Byrd was particularly concerned about the breakdowns in discipline which had led to "fragging": a GI slang term for one serviceman killing another (usually an officer or noncommissioned officer) with a fragmentation grenade or other weapon. The Department of Defense responded with six tables of figures and a covering letter from Lieutenant General Leo E. Benade, the deputy assistant secretary for military personnel policy. The single greatest cause of death was aircraft crashes: 3060 killed. Vehicle crashes accounted for 1075 deaths, and drowning or suffocation took 1015 lives. Various illnesses, such as heart attacks, strokes, hepatitis and malaria, accounted for 929 deaths, and at least 102 died from drug abuse. (The figures for drug-related deaths cover 1970 to 1972 only: an indication of the military's tardy awareness of the serious heroin abuse problem in Vietnam which had existed since the late 1960s.) According to army figures the rate of fatalities from illness and accident in Vietnam was almost nine times greater than the rate worldwide.

Although natural causes and accidents explain a majority of the "nonhostile deaths" in Indochina, a significant number of soldiers died by their own hand or that of another serviceman. Suicide and "accidental self destruction" were said to have caused 1172 deaths. There were almost as many homicides (1163). Most of these (973) were classified as "accidental homicides." "Intentional homicides" took 190 lives.

Using the most narrow definition of "fragging," the army reported 554 "assaults with explosive devices" from 1969 through 1972 and listed another 234 "possible assaults." The death toll from four years of "fragging" was put at 86. The number of deaths decreased from 37 in 1969 to three last year, but this may simply reflect the decreasing size of the army during Vietnamization rather than any regaining of troop discipline or improvement in morale. General Benade admitted that the armed forces have been experiencing "a difficult period with respect to the state of morale and discipline," and he attributed it to such problems as "rising crime rates, drug and alcohol abuse, racial unrest and violence, as well as dissident and protest activities" in American society at large.

Benade believes the situation is improving, and in support of this assertion he cites the decline in "absenteeism and desertion, the historical banes of military organizations." The number of instances of AWOL (absent without official leave) and desertion dropped from 340,955 in 1971 to 257,453 last year. Because the size of the armed forces has also dropped over this one-year period, the AWOL and desertion rates (per 1000 servicemen) decreased by a more modest amount: from 84.0 to 74.9 for AWOL and from 33.9 to 27.5 for desertion. Another positive indication is the decline in courts-martial and nonjudicial punishments which went from 491,897 in 1971 to 415,550 last year.

Benade refers to these figures as a "turn-around" and calls them "very encouraging." One hopes he is right, but he may have overstated the case. Although the Pentagon's figures do take account of the smaller

(continued on page 10)

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On a "Whining Complaint"

"People who hold NSC and similar staff jobs at the core of national security policy formulation . . . waive normal rights to personal privacy." So wrote John Osborne last week in defense of Henry Kissinger's role in the decision to tap the home telephones of several of his assistants.

If we needed dramatic evidence of how far we have gone in this country in accepting the outrageous, there it is. Just imagine trying to put to Henry Stimson or George Marshall the proposition that they could serve the United States only if they agreed to have agents listen in to the conversations of their wives and families. Only a little while ago we had faith enough in ourselves to let demonstrated character and judgment be the test of suitability for high government service. Now the security paranoia has gone so far that even a John Osborne, with all his resistance to doublethink, assumes that we must sacrifice the most intimate rights of human personality in order to run a government.

The lack of outrage at what Kissinger and the others did stems in part, I think, from a corrupting familiarity with the idea of wiretapping. It no longer shocks us. Kissinger, in defending the taps in his press conference of May 29, said at one point: "I certainly disapprove of burglaries in offices, yes." One assumes that he, and John Osborne, would also disapprove if security agents committed burglaries on the homes of NSC staff members once a week. But tapping, which goes on continuously and surreptitiously, is actually a far worse intrusion on one's privacy than a weekly burglary. It is just that we are not so used to burglary in the name of "national security." At this rate, we will be soon.

There is a specific confusion about legality in the tapping of Kissinger's assistants. Kissinger himself made the flat claim, "It was legal." But except in a bootstrap sense, it was not. A similar claim, that the relevant statute allowed tapping at the sole discretion of the President for domestic security purposes, was unanimously rejected by the Supreme Court in 1972. The NSC staff tapping was "legal" only in that people could hope to get away with it until it came before a court. There will be at least one suit for damages by a Kissinger aide who was tapped, and that should dispose of the claim of "legality."

The same part of the Constitution that protects our homes against illegal searches, the Fourth Amendment, applies to wiretapping. And of course common sense—or perhaps I mean sensitivity—should tell us that the constitutional interest is no less. Everyone, including Kissinger, condemns the burglary of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office. Would it have been more legal, or constitutional, or decent, if Gordon Liddy had arranged to eavesdrop on the psychiatric sessions as they occurred? If it is legal and necessary to tap the home telephones of high government officials, what about planting a transmitter under the bed to hear the conversations of husband and wife? Would that be any less legitimate in the interest of "national security"? When such a case came before the Supreme Court in 1954—the case of a gambler whose bedroom had been bugged—Justice Frankfurter quoted the "prophetic" words of Brandeis: "Discovery and invention have made it possible for the government, by means far more effective than stretching upon the rack, to obtain disclosure . . . of what is whispered in the closet." Would such eavesdropping still shock us? John Osborne dismisses the shocked reaction of some Kissinger assistants to the tapping disclosures as a "whining complaint."

We need more sensitivity, not less. What we have learned lately about the conduct of the United States government over the last few years shows how far we have come in mimicking the methods of totalitarianism. The only way to stop that insidious process is to resist at every stage the notion that "national security" exempts the government from the rules of conduct that apply to the rest of society. "If the government becomes a law-breaker," Brandeis said, "it breeds contempt for law; it invites every man to become a law unto himself; it invites anarchy." It should hardly be necessary to warn against the danger of official lawlessness at a time when Henry Kissinger and others are daily carrying out presidential orders to bomb Cambodia that they know are supported by no legal authority. In doing so they are committing crimes, and teaching the country by example.

But Brandeis' warning should not be limited to law. He would surely expect governments also to live up to the ordinary standards of decency that characterize a society. If it becomes accepted practice to spy on one's subordinates in the White House, to read transcripts of their wives' telephone conversations, to make them waive their rights of privacy, then the character of that staff will change. And so, eventually, will the standards of the country.

Anthony Lewis

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size of the armed forces, they fail to incorporate the changing character of those forces. Part of the decline in absenteeism and disciplinary punishment—perhaps most of it—can be attributed to the smaller numbers of draftees who have entered the military since 1971. In 1970 there were 163,500 draft calls and in 1971, 98,000. By contrast there were 50,000 draft calls in 1972, and there will be none this year. Of course one would have to know the statistics on absenteeism and disciplinary punishment for draftees and regular troops before arriving at any precise conclusion, but with the draft having shrunk so rapidly the army has been getting fewer reluctant soldiers and hence, one supposes, fewer personnel problems as a result.

The price exacted in blood for blundering into Vietnam and staying there has been massive. Although the Indochinese people suffered greater losses—and are still suffering in Vietnam, Cambodia and parts of Laos—the price the United States paid was high: 56,000 dead and more than 300,000 wounded.

Americans Are in Fashion

China Journal-I

by Stanley Karnow

During my many years in Hong Kong, I often went up to Lowu Bridge to look into China, then *terra incognita* for nearly all Americans. Most of those excursions were routine, but I also witnessed moments of drama along the narrow border. In the spring of 1962, following the disastrous Great Leap Forward, thousands of hungry Chinese poured over the frontier, encouraged by local Communist cadres striving to cope with the famine by reducing population pressures. I recall from that occasion the ludicrous yet tragic spectacle of Chinese soldiers pushing people over the demarcation line and British troops physically flinging them back. Five years later the boundary area again erupted as Chinese youths stimulated by Mao Tse-tung's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution skirmished with British police. I observed one such fracas on Lowu Bridge itself as young militants attempting to abduct a British constable tangled with Chinese troops seeking to restrain them. But now, as I actually walk across the bridge for the first time, those episodes seem remote. Except for the Kwangtung landscape of brown hills and lush vegetation, and, of course, the Chinese faces, this might be almost any border.

An English-speaking Chinese guard courteously requests my passport, glances at the detached visa, and waves me on to a yellow building flanking the railroad tracks. There a uniformed official conducts me to a waiting room adorned with a large portrait of Mao and furnished with heavy armchairs and sofas and a book rack containing copies of the Chairman's little red volume of *Quotations*, *Peking Review*, *China Pictorial*, *China Reconstructs* and reprints of important speeches or special articles from the *People's Daily* and *Red Flag*, all in assorted languages. As if equipped by a central Bureau of Interior Decoration, every railway station, airport lounge, hotel lobby and other public place I would see during the next two weeks in China features the same furniture and the same publications. And the same Mao.

Going to China these days is no longer an exclusive experience. As I wander into the corridor outside my waiting room, I encounter a German acquaintance returning to Hong Kong from a business trip to Canton. I also meet several other Chinese and Europeans I had known in Hong Kong leaving after a tour of Kwangtung province. Among those entering China in my contingent are US oil experts and a group of American scholars who served as interpreters for the Chinese table tennis team that visited the United States last year. Later, in Peking, I would run into six Monsanto Chemical Company representatives, the columnist Marquis Childs, and, among others, actress Shirley MacLaine leading an all-female delegation investigating the status of women in China. Visitors who were soon to arrive include Mrs. Robert McNamara and David Rockefeller. Americans, I later learn, are plainly in fashion.

Here at the border, meanwhile, the scene is confused. Porters and functionaries bustle about, moving baggage and waving documents, and it seems that they will never manage to match up this suitcase with that traveler and get the whole crowd onto the train to Canton. But somehow, like the Bombay tiffin-carriers, they sort everything out. I pass through customs, where an official solemnly proclaims that he is giving me a "special dispensation as a journalist" to bring in a couple of extra cartons of cigarettes. Then down another corridor to the first of many marvelous Chinese meals, this one including squid and vegetables, sweet and sour pork, a rich soup and Tsingtao beer, originally introduced to China by the Germans when they controlled Shantung province before World War I. The lunch ends just in time to board the train, as if the waitresses have coordinated their service with the station master.

China may be a socialist state, but, as in the Soviet Union, the trains are divided into classes. Like the other Westerners aboard, I am in a first-class, air-conditioned car that is far more comfortable than the one on the Hong Kong side of the border. Compared to the train I would later ride through North China, this is obviously a showcase model designed to impress the thousands of foreign businessmen who attend the Canton Trade Fair twice a year. A young girl in pigtails glides up and down the aisle filling large porcelain mugs with tea. The piped music, from which

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there is no escape anywhere in China, consists of marches that seem to be in rhythm with the train wheels. About half of the passengers are Westerners. Most of the others are Chinese soldiers, and, although they wear no insignia of rank in keeping with the proletarian spirit of the People's Liberation Army, the imitation Parker fountain pens gracing their tunic pockets reveal them to be officers.

We roll through the South China countryside of green paddy fields and vegetable gardens and tropical trees, glimpsing along the way tiny hamlets of neat, tile-roof houses built around courtyards as they have been for centuries. I see two or three women at work, their faces lost under huge bamboo hats fringed with black cloth. I notice small boys riding water buffalo, as they do everywhere in Asia, and in one place I spot a few men leisurely fishing. There is nothing to suggest masses of peasants mobilized into labor battalions. Indeed nothing I would observe here or in other parts of China conformed to the stereotype of a nation frenetically engaged in making giant industrial and agricultural strides.

The China Travel Service guide meets me at the Canton station. A handsome young man wearing a white sports shirt, he smiles broadly, extends a Rotarian handshake, and says, "Soong." "S-u-n-g or S-o-o-n-g?" I ask. "S-o-o-n-g, you know like T. V.," he replies. The astonishing reference to Chiang Kai-shek's brother-in-law, I take it, is a sign of The Thaw.

I am again reminded that China is a continent rather than a country when Mr. Soong discloses that he is from Hunan, Mao's native province, and that he still cannot speak the Cantonese dialect despite eight years here. But the fact that he can operate in Mandarin in Canton is testimony to the progress made by the government in spreading the national tongue. I quickly discover Mr. Soong to be a sophisticated fellow with a subtle sense of humor. Like Mr. Arbuthnot, he talks in clichés, yet I soon detect more than a trace of sarcasm in his tendency to trot out a rather tired Maoist slogan to fit the subject. For example, advising that I might familiarize myself with the Chinese language through practice, he counsels me to "learn to swim by swimming." Or, recalling that he initially met my colleague Jack Reynolds of NBC News when the American ping pong team entered China two years ago, he singsongs: "We played table tennis and made friendship."

Mr. Soong reads *T'san-kao Hsiao-hsi*, or *Reference News*, the special information bulletin distributed to Communist Party members that contains unadulterated Western wire service dispatches and other articles. Thus he knows something about the Watergate scandal. But, like nearly every Chinese I would encounter during the weeks ahead, he wants to know more. He takes notes as I share my meager and by now outdated knowledge of the affair, and I perceive that he can spell the names correctly. Among other things, he asks two questions that I would hear again and again: Will President Nixon remain in office? Is Henry Kissinger involved? He has nothing to say, though, when I ask for his opinion. That would be interference in the internal affairs of other countries. He tells me, however, that the man-in-the-street here in Canton is vaguely aware of the scandal called *Shui Men*—literally, Water Gate.

In contrast to my visit to Peking last year, when officials parried questions about domestic Chinese matters, Mr. Soong speaks freely on political developments. Although I already know it, he volunteers the news that Teng Hsiao-ping, who was purged as the Communist Party secretary general in 1967, has reappeared still bearing the rank of vice premier. He divulges as well that the former Communist boss of Canton, Chao Tzu-yang, who also dropped out of sight during the Cultural Revolution and later surfaced in Inner Mongolia, is now ranked as third man in the party hierarchy here. He hints, too, that we may see the return of Tao Chu, once the powerful head of the party apparatus in South China, who rose to become national propaganda chief during the early days of the Cultural Revolution and then suddenly fell. Tao Chu's wife, Mr. Soong points out, showed up publicly in Peking on May 1. This and other evidence indicates to me that Premier Chou En-lai is trying to stabilize China after the upheavals of the Cultural Revolution by reconstructing the old Communist Party machine that Mao's disciples sought to destroy. Mr. Soong listens to that explanation without comment. But he cites a slogan to the effect that cadres who have committed errors can be rehabilitated if they atone for their mistakes.

The heart of Canton resembles parts of Djakarta or Bangkok or Cholon, which are, after all, also populated largely by southern Chinese. There are the same ugly buildings run-down and mildewed by the humidity, and the same kind of arcades shade small, dark shops built with wooden shutters rather than windows. The narrow streets are jammed with pedestrians and cyclists who reluctantly budge as the chauffeur, leaning on his horn, presses his Japanese Toyota forward. At one intersection the car screeches to a halt. I notice a barefoot little boy dart off, zigzagging among the bicycles as he escapes into an alley. The crowd stares at us, more inquisitive than hostile. The Cantonese apparently are accustomed to foreigners.

Canton was first receptive to overseas trade at the end of the 17th century, but until the British forced open China in the Opium War, foreign merchants could function only under strict regulations. They were confined to certain sectors of the city. They could carry on business only during certain seasons of the year, and only through designated Chinese representatives. There are thousands of foreign businessmen here at the moment for the biennial trade fair, and they appear to be operating under similar limitations. Most of the

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Europeans and Americans are lodged at the Tung Fang Hotel, an enormous building constructed by the Soviet Union in late Stalinist style. The damp heat is oppressive, but, presumably because of power shortages, the hotel air conditioning cools only the dining room and the party rooms on the top floor. Some businessmen are here for a few days to sniff the air, others remain for the entire month of the fair, tirelessly plugging away to make their deals. They negotiate by day and drink in the evenings. A few have brought their girl friends disguised as secretaries. This is not a convention in Chicago.

Those in the market for Chinese merchandise literally sprinted into the various display areas during the opening days of the fair and slapped their calling cards on different items. The Japanese, who are most numerous here, were the fastest of all and took options on nearly everything in sight. The universal complaint, however, is that prices are too high. Commodities like cashew bark and walnuts are said to be 30 to 40 percent above world prices, and the antiques I saw, none of them dating back beyond the early 19th century, bear outrageous tags. One Hong Kong dealer who just came here to browse confides to me that he purchases his Chinese antiques in London, Paris and New York but sells them in Asia because tourists who visit the region are in an "Oriental mood."

One theory is that the Chinese have raised prices to impossible heights, particularly on raw materials, because they lack the commodities as a result of a poor agricultural year and do not want to admit to shortages. Another theory holds that they are spending large sums abroad to import petrochemical plants and other modern technology, and desperately need hard currency. Still another theory has it that they are merely testing the market, especially since they are facing large numbers of Americans for the first time. Several businessmen I talk with submit, moreover, that the Chinese are simply overwhelmed by the rush to deal with them and are acting like sellers would anywhere in the world. Representatives of big American companies like Monsanto, US Steel, Continental Oil and Baker Oil Tools are here as well, not to buy but to interest the Chinese in joint development ventures. That the Chinese are interested is reflected in the fact that they have invited these companies to send their people to Canton. Some, like the Monsanto team, will be asked up to Peking, closer to the source of authority. But nobody realistically expects to sign contracts rapidly, since the Chinese have not clearly defined their terms. They would attract a good deal of business if they agreed to 10-year or longer credit arrangements. But it remains to be seen whether they are willing to mortgage themselves. The experience with their debt to the Soviet Union, which they paid off, is still fresh in their minds.

Among the Americans here is a businessman who was born and raised in Peking, where his father manufactured rugs. Now, representing a British trading firm, the American has been negotiating to buy Chinese rugs. Among the Chinese officials he has been talking to is an elderly gentleman. The other day, after a week of meetings, the old man took him aside and said: "You don't know me, but I was once a worker in your father's factory. I remember you as a child."

This is the first of four articles by Mr. Karnow on his recent experiences in China.

Future Fuels

Ending the Energy Binge

by Morris K. Udall

That fantastic machine, the US trillion-dollar economy and America's unprecedented living standard have largely been built on energy extracted from oil, gas and coal. These "fossil fuels" heat our homes, cook our food, run our factories, mills and railroads. They gave us the auto age and the space age. For decades we have been led to believe that supplies of these fuels would last almost indefinitely at low cost. Working on the assumption, national policy since World War II has discouraged imports of foreign oil so that production of our own "unlimited" reserves would not be stifled. In the 30 years we were locked into that policy, our population burgeoned by some 60 million and each American increased his energy intake by *three* times

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It is now clear that our assumptions were wrong. We have been on an energy binge, and the hangover could be protracted and painful.

First, a few statistics: Americans, six percent of the people on this planet, last year consumed 40 percent of all energy used.

► Since 1950, when we led the world in energy consumption, we have tripled (our) electrical demands.

► By 1970, our production of gas and oil began to peak out, so that now we are using more gas than we find and more oil than we refine.

► If energy demand were to level off today, the story would be alarming enough; but every study and projection tells of an even more frightening future. This year we'll have to find new energy for the 11,000,000 gas burning autos Detroit will produce and the 2,500,000 new homes constructed. Moreover there are the undeveloped countries with their rising expectations, the exploding Common Market, the inventive Japanese, the Chinese looking for new trade relationships, and the development-minded Russians—all of whom will be looking for more gas, oil and coal, and some of it from the same markets we will seek to tap.

And when they compete with us it will be with fire in their eyes because they know that much of the world's precious oil reserve is spent moving big American cars, sometimes three to a family, currently accounting for 48 percent of the world's autos and 55 percent of all the gas consumed; that the British and Germans are getting along with approximately half as much per capita, and their standards of living aren't so bad; and that the lion's share of the additional energy demanded by Americans will be for uses others view as outrageous luxuries like air conditioning, for which 210 million Americans consume as much energy as 800 million Chinese use for every purpose! One additional bit of bad news is that most of the world's remaining known petroleum reserves lie in the nations of the Mideast whose current demeanor toward the United States is less friendly than to many of our major energy competitors.

Most of us were asleep at the switch when all this happened and we're in for some tough adjustments. The Midwest oil shortage last winter was not a one-shot accident, but rather, in all probability, a minor preview of the years just ahead. For unless I miss my guess, gasoline shortages and electrical blackouts will be our regular companions for the rest of the 1970s.

Everyone in Washington has "solutions" for the energy crisis. Two of them, the centerpieces of the President's recent Energy Message, I find highly questionable, and, when tied together as an exclusive package, totally unacceptable. They are nonsolutions.

MORRIS K. UDALL *is the US representative from the second district of Arizona. His comments are adapted from a recent letter he sent his constituents.*

The first is to simply buy more oil from the Arabs. It won't work. The United States has been the world's greatest trader and producer of modern times. But in 1971 we sold fewer goods abroad than we bought—the first time that happened since 1892. One big reason: we paid out $7 billion for foreign oil, a sum that almost exactly matched our trade deficit, itself a major culprit of inflation at home. Analysts claim that our 1971-72 dollar devaluations were in no small part due to the large dollar balances in the hands of oil-producing countries and were used to make a "run" on US currency in international markets. If we accept unbridled consumer demand for energy as a fact of life, we can count on buying $14 billion of Mideast oil by 1975 and some $30 billion a *year* by 1980. What will these kinds of purchases do to the dollar and where will we find the American exports to pay for them? But if the economic implications of such a dependency are worrisome, the political considerations are downright frightening. How would it affect our commitment to Israel? Even if a political solution were found to current Mideast divisions, could we really plan on a constant supply of energy transfusions from countries whose policies can be reversed on a day's notice by a coup d'état or by a sheik who turns unfriendly?

A second nonsolution is the all-out dig-dam-drill approach. As blackouts and gas station shortages begin to hit more and more, we'll hear advice whose effect, though tucked into nice euphemisms, will be this: forget all environmental and health considerations and get on with strip mining for coal, both on private and scenic public lands of the West. After all, coal is cheap and accessible. We'll also be advised to get more gas and oil by drilling from the fishing waters of Maine to the beaches of North Carolina and off the coast of California. And before this chorus has ended, there will be persuasive arguments for building hydroelectric dams on every last river site.

For a few years we'll have no choice but to buy *some* Mideast oil. And there is *some* digging and drilling we should and can do without environmental damage. But neither solution is tolerable in the long run. For sooner or later (20-60 years depending on how pessimistic you are) mankind is out of gas and oil. In a few centuries or less, you can scratch coal.

The harsh truth is that eventually we need permanent, renewable, clean, large-scale energy sources, like the windmill or the old waterwheel that *consume nothing and pollute nothing*. We have some cushions that will let us overdraw our energy bank account for a time, but we should aim right now at a balanced energy budget before the year 2000. The question is how do we do it? Part of the answer lies in the experience of the 1960s when we spent $25 billion for a crash program that harnessed the brains and enthusiasm of the scientific community and put a man on the moon; we desperately need, now, that kind of program for

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energy research and development, and we ought to give it that kind of money and that sense of urgency.

While we search for long-range solutions, we can buy time in several ways. First we should zero-in on the incredible and wasteful way we use our fossil fuels. Even assuming – as I do not – that every kilowatt burned and every auto mile traveled is essential, we could find ways to provide those same kilowatts and miles with far less gas, oil and coal. For example conventional electric power stations extract only 30 percent of the potential energy in each unit of coal or oil they burn. We can make substantial improvements here and have more electricity from the same quantity of fuel. In addition, we have too many home appliances. But without reducing the number, we can better design appliances to do the same work using far less current. We waste immense quantities of heat and light in our homes, offices and factories. We can have nearly the same levels of comfort if we will design and insulate buildings and heating and cooling machinery to operate in less wasteful ways. Finally, coal requires great energy to transport, and it is the worst polluter when it burns. We should perfect promising new processes that may enable us to turn coal into pipeline gas, solving both problems at one stroke.

This short-range program, plus the energy conservation efforts discussed later, will help buy time; it may take two decades to prove out the permanent power sources needed for the long haul. Legislation now pending, and a new bill I will offer, will create government-industry development corporations to go to work on such possibilities as these:

► *The fast breeder nuclear reactor.* We are running out of nuclear fuel, uranium, but the breeder reactor creates more nuclear fuel than it burns. The Nixon administration is already fully committed to its development. However, there are serious health, safety and environmental hazards that have yet to be solved.

► *Nuclear fusion.* This is a much more complicated and hence dubious source of electricity directly converted from atomic energy. It is held out by respected scientists as the ultimate answer, with none of the environmental demerits of the breeder, but its mysteries may not be worked out for decades, if ever.

► *Geothermal power.* This is the heat of the earth that man has always seen in volcanoes and geysers. The US is far behind in this technology.

► *Ocean tides and currents.* There is power here if we harness it. The windmill provides the cleanest mass-produced energy known to man; like methods lending themselves to more universal use must be pursued.

► *Solar energy.* Harnessing and transmitting the heat of the sun into everyday energy production by using massive reflectors and other devices.

► *Long shots.* While we're at it, we ought to look at every other possible lead. One German scientist makes an impressive case for large, 400-foot high windmill farms as a supplement to other power systems.

While the scientists and engineers are at work, there are things we can do in 1973. They involve new attitudes and habits of energy thrift and conservation. For the fact is Americans have been energy glutton champions. We could keep most of the comforts and conveniences of our present high living standards and "the American way of life" and still cut home and personal energy consumption by one-third. For in time, we could help head off higher gasoline prices and/or rationing by cutting back on our extravagant use of the motor vehicle. Does your family really need that third car, the new snowmobile or motor home? Can you cut your monthly driving miles by 15-25 percent?

We can get commuters out of cars and into mass transit or car pools or neighborhood bus pools. Government can give this effort a big boost by opening up the Highway Trust Fund to help cities pay for subways, new buses and so on. The Senate approved such a plan this year, but once again the House, under pressure from established highway construction and automobile interests, turned it down. We have to find ways to encourage commuters to live closer to the places where they work.

But while we are cutting down on auto miles, we have to recognize that under the best of circumstances our living patterns will always require millions of private autos for point-to-point travel. Thus we must insist on government policies that encourage *smaller cars with smaller engines.*

Public attitudes and life-styles are affected by our friends in communications and advertising. With industry and government, they did their part to get us into this mess and they can help get us out. The electric industry should spread the message of energy thrift with the same vigor they taught us energy gluttony. Things like turning down the thermostat by five degrees in the winter and up five in the summer, buying smaller cars and fewer gadgets aren't all that wrenching or dramatic sacrifices. But if each of us takes some steps so that personal per capita energy consumption declines by one-third, we'd jointly be striking a blow for a sounder dollar, a clearner environment, and a stronger, self-sufficient America.

President Nixon has suggested a new office of energy conservation to spark voluntary programs in the private sector and, more importantly, coordinate and direct the efforts of the disparate and far-reaching federal government, the most gluttonous energy user of them all. We need a hardboiled energy conservationist leading this office who will show us the way toward requiring the kind of insulation and heating and cooling units in new homes that are efficient in saving energy, informing us what appliances burn what quantities of electricity, and placing stiff luxury taxes on the wasteful ones; making war on loud, garish neon signs. They contribute nothing to our country and they burn enough energy to bring on some

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shortages we can avoid; reforming our cockeyed electrical rate structures, a crazy system that rewards waste. If my home and your home are the same size and I burn twice as much electricity, the local utility company will penalize your thrift and reward my extravagance. The same is true of industry. Rate structures now decrease charges as use goes up—it ought to be the reverse.

The Washington Summit

What Brezhnev Wants

by Gregory Grossman

When Mr. Brezhnev comes to Washington to see Mr. Nixon he will be in effect coming to see his banker. He will be seeking support for the Soviet economy, and indirectly for his own political position in the Kremlin.

1972 was a very bad year for the Soviet economy, but it is important to disentangle Brezhnev's longer-term problems from the short-term shocks. Of the latter, by far the most dramatic and costly was the failure of the grain harvest and of some other major crops, resulting from extraordinarily bad weather combined with very ordinary Soviet inefficiency. In consequence the Soviets purchased some 28 million metric tons of both feed and bread grains for delivery in the current crop year (as compared with about two million tons per year in the preceding five years). In other words for every two tons of grain that the Soviet government was able to collect at home, it had to import one from the West. The cost, only partly on credit, was something like $2 billion, which is perhaps 60 percent of its annual earnings of hard currency—an enormous dent in the Soviet balance of payments—and it looks as though large outlays of hard currency for grain will continue beyond this crop year.

The food shortages will not be met quickly, and therefore the commitment of resources—domestic and external—to that need is a significant part of the longer-term outlook. On the supply side, the central problem for Brezhnev is the growing scarcity of labor; to be more accurate, the exhaustion of reserves of labor for gainful employment in the nonagricultural part of the economy. The village—the traditional major source of manpower for industrialization—cannot yield much more if agriculture is to be pulled up. Nearly all the unemployed housewives have now been taken up into the labor force: 60 percent of the addition to nonfarm employment between 1960 and 1971 were women. Nor is it feasible to step up the rate of capital formation sharply to compensate for the labor shortage; not in an economy that already invests about one-third of its GNP and spends heavily on defense and related activities. Also on the supply side of the equation are the various weaknesses of the Soviet economic system: the great amount of waste, the bureaucratic inefficiencies and delays, the resistance to innovation and the technological gap vis-à-vis the West. These are endemic ailments that have so far resisted treatment through tinkering with existing institutional arrangements.

With its very high rate of investment and its rich natural endowment the Soviet economy might be able to continue to expand total output and even raise per capita consumption (given only a moderate rate of population growth) at a pace that would be regarded as quite respectable by comparison with other countries at the USSR's level of development. But this depends on its ability to keep raising its overall efficiency at a rate for which its recent history provides little assurance. Otherwise (as Professor Abram Bergson has shown in *Problems of Communism*, March-April 1973) the USSR stands a good chance of sinking to a low rate of overall growth, and of stagnation in terms of per capita consumption. That such stagnation is politically intolerable to the Soviet leadership is convincingly shown not only by the large outlay of hard currency for grain imports, but by the less well-known fact of huge domestic subsidies for meat and other key consumer goods. (Housing apart, these subsidies now amount to at least several percent of national income.) The long shadow of Poland's "wage-price riots" of December 1970 is doubtless visible from

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the Kremlin.

But of course the consumer is only one of the claimants to Soviet resources. There are many others: industry for investment and development, agriculture as we have seen, the cities, the regions, the military and the many friends abroad. Their aggregate claims were reflected in the ninth five-year plan, a highly optimistic document even before the crop failure of last year. Now, halfway through the plan, it is obvious that the whole pie will be considerably smaller than expected and some of the claimants will have to do with less than promised. Who will have to give up how much? The issue is highly political in the semi-pluralistic environment of the Kremlin and in the international club that Brezhnev heads.

There is reason to believe that Brezhnev has staked quite a bit personally on being able, in his own way, to put the Soviet economy on a faster track. But before we turn to how he hopes to do it, let us take a quick look at the alternatives he had.

One alternative was to move toward a socialist market economy; that is to say, stop doing almost everything by directive from the center, giving the individual firms and farms a good deal of autonomy and letting a market mechanism—to be sure, planned and regulated—coordinate the economy as a whole. It would require a complete revamping of many of the most venerable modes of operation of the Soviet system, a drastic restructuring of prices and probably a good deal of shaking up of everything and everybody. This is what was done in Hungary five-and-one-half years ago, and economic results on the whole have been positive. This is also what was done in Yugoslavia some 20 years ago, but there it was combined with meaningful workers' self-management through their own councils in all firms. Workers' self-management, however, makes a major dent in the power of the Communist Party. The Soviet leadership—by its own avowal—is not prepared to go this route, essentially because it would seriously threaten existing power and privilege in the Soviet society, as well as risk serious social turmoil for a time.

On the other hand, halfway reforms that would somewhat loosen the present "command economy" without bringing in the market mechanism give little promise. The Soviets tried one of those reforms in 1965; it has made little difference in the system's efficiency and has now been partly reversed. Other and bolder but still halfway reforms in Eastern Europe have on the whole suffered the same fate.

The solution for which Brezhnev has now opted is minimal change at home economically, no change at home politically and massive help from the West. Last April the decision was taken to push the merger of industrial firms into super-firms, so-called associations. This is nothing new. Associations have been tried in the USSR, though on a small scale, and in many of the Eastern European countries on a much larger scale. They have their pluses and minuses, but in sum one need not expect from them any big boost to efficiency or technological progress. They do relieve the burden of central planning while altering little in the system as such; hence they seem to have been much favored by the planners' "establishment."

Politically things are as tight in the Soviet Union as they have been for some time—and, it must be stressed, will remain that way so long as the efforts toward a detente with the West continue. This is the price for the detente that the conservatives in the USSR exact, and even the moderates need not be unwilling to pay it.

Massive help from the West means several things. It means grain and other foodstuffs at times of emergency, such as the present. Here the United States plays the major role. Otherwise it means primarily production equipment of all kinds, including whole factories, and technology and know-how of every description. To be sure, equipment and technology have already been flowing to the Soviet Union from the West in sizable quantities, but not from the United States. In 1971 (according to Soviet statistics), before the large grain purchases, the USSR imported over $3 billion worth of goods from the West, and only $150 million of it was from the US. Now, in the wake of the summit meeting of May 1972 and the American-Soviet trade agreement of October 1972, the USSR hopes to increase its imports of machinery and technology from this country many times over. A good number of large contracts already have been placed with US firms, and our export controls have been dismantled to the point that they are no longer a significant impediment to trade with Russia.

Larger or smaller, our exports to the USSR in the foreseeable future are likely to be far in excess of our imports from it. The idea that Soviet-American trade should be roughly balanced is unrealistic, though it is assiduously advanced by the Russians. For this reason alone, the continued denial to the USSR of most favored-nation status is likely to have minimal effect on Soviet ability to purchase American goods.

What the Soviets chiefly want from the US, however, is very large credits to finance their purchases of equipment and technology, especially for enormous projects to develop natural gas, oil and other mineral deposits. Mr. Brezhnev will certainly bring this matter up in Washington. If these projects materialize, American equipment worth billions might go to the USSR over perhaps the remainder of the '70s and credit of an equivalent amount for a term of 20 30 years might be expended. Repayment would be in Soviet raw materials and other goods generated by the projects.

Now this sort of thing is of obvious advantage to the Soviets. We (and the West Europeans and Japanese) would build up whole industries for them, de

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velop vast regions, modernize their technology, create a large export potential for the future—all at very little cost to them, insofar as repayment would be in goods with little alternative value, and also with minimal risk to their present domestic institutions. Nor is it difficult to see the attraction—quite legitimate in business terms—to US firms and banks. But what about our national interest? Would it be wise for us to assume the role of the Soviet Union's banker? There has been amazingly little open discussion of this question, though the answer given may be of great importance to our economy and our foreign relations for decades.

Senator Jackson would bar US government credits and credit guarantees so long as the USSR bars free emigration of its citizens. But other issues might also be prudently raised. For instance, might not a large Soviet debt to us become in time a serious irritant in relations between our two countries, or an instrument of pressure on our business community, or on our foreign policy—for example, our freedom of action in relation to China?

But, it may be said, we need Soviet sources of energy, and the USSR is much stabler than the Middle East. Might it not be wiser to invest in the development of our own domestic energy sources and avoid the possibility of once again spoiling relations with the second largest power in the world? Alternatively, why not let the Soviets develop at least some of their resources themselves and then sell us the fuels and other materials? They have already shown that they can carry out very large projects on their own, although it may take longer and will certainly be costlier for them. In any case, is the Soviet Union, a relatively rich country, where our capital and know-how are most needed? Other countries may need them more, not to mention our own country with its blighted cities.

One might have expected a Great Debate on such issues as these—apart from the altogether proper but smaller question of Soviet emigration—before Mr. Nixon meets Mr. Brezhnev.

Where is the Toboggan Headed?

Stocks, Gold & You

by Melville J. Ulmer

Some would say that the Fates themselves have conspired with the evil in men to humble the Nixon administration. How else can one explain the precipitous drop in the stock market since the beginning of the year while profits, simultaneously, were climbing to record levels? How else can one explain the continued slump in the value of the dollar, and the spectacular leap in the price of gold, even while our exports were rising? Those who would attribute it all to Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos, fashioning the thread of life, forget about the down-to-earth, built-in perversity of Nixonomics, the central principle of which is: if it makes sense, don't do it. Following that rule has produced an inflation that rivals that of World War II, while maintaining a five percent unemployment rate that even President Eisenhower would have considered excessive. And that accomplishment, in turn, has had the paradoxical, but predictable, repercussions in the markets for stocks, gold and the dollar just described.

Consider the last two, gold and the dollar. Twice within the past two years, in collaboration with our trading partners, President Nixon has negotiated a reduction in the value of the dollar in relation to other currencies. In toto, the cut amounted to about one-fifth. Supposedly its effect would make our goods cheaper for foreigners, so they would buy more, and make their goods more expensive for us. In turn, went the theory, this shift in values would trim the huge imbalance in our international payments, which has left some 30 billion unexpended dollars in the hands of foreigners. Recently, as promised, there *was* a significant improvement in the behavior of US exports vis-à-vis imports. The deficit in our trade balance during the first four months of this year was reduced to less than half the level a year earlier. But our continued, accelerated inflation, since Phase II wage and price controls were scrapped, has already eaten up much of the international monetary gain won through negotiation, and the prospect is that the deficit will expand

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again, perhaps more disastrously than before.

Wholesale prices of industrial commodities—*excluding* the notoriously expensive farm products and foods—rose at an annual rate of 15 percent through the first four months of this year. Accordingly, except for people residing in the United States, who wants to hold dollars? The buying spree in progress over the last several months shows that even many of us here at home don't want to hold them very long.

Foreigners who get rid of dollars buy either relatively solid currencies, like the German mark or the yen, or gold. One major result of their activity is a steeper decline in the value of the dollar, which during the last 30 days alone amounted to a loss of nine percent in relation to the mark. An additional result is a rise in the price of gold, which vaulted to more than $120, the highest price on record, against $35 an ounce when President Nixon first took office.

Add the spice of speculation. Our patriotic multinational corporations have been playing the money markets like mad and have no doubt already made a killing. The gold producers in that bastion of freedom (for the buck), South Africa, have been accommodating the gold price ascension by graciously withholding output. Ironically the major industrial countries of the world, convened in London as the Committee of Twenty, have given every indication of an early changeover in the international monetary system, to the grave disadvantage of gold. Almost certainly, in the near future, the trading nations will shift to an international paper currency (so-called SDRs) to be managed by the International Monetary Fund. The future demand for the precious metal, therefore, is not promising. Only market rigging and transient speculation can explain a $120 price for gold, not the fundamentals of demand and supply.

Consider the even more ambiguous case of the stock market. Corporation profits in the first quarter of this year, after taxes, were 23 percent above last year and still rising. Common stocks on the New York Stock Exchange, as measured by the various indexes of Wall Street, lost about 20 percent of their value over the first five months of this year alone. How can continued inflation, which usually increases profits, explain that divergent behavior? The answer is in at least two ways, both of which are well known on Wall Street.

In the first place, stocks are most frequently bought and sold on the basis of *expectations*. If profits are currently high, that naturally is a plus mark. But more important is the question of what profits will be six months or a year from now, and how *that* will affect stock prices. Right now the stock market anticipates that the current inflation will stimulate a counteractive tight money policy, which it already has. The further expectation is that the pull on the monetary reins will provide an early recession, perhaps by the end of the year, which it very well might. Hence with profits due to fall in the period ahead, why buy stocks now? Speculators in the stock market predictably reason this way, and behave accordingly so consistently that trends in stock prices regularly foreshadow turning points in the overall level of business activity. Clear evidence of this is the fact that an index of stock prices is included among the 30 or so carefully selected "leading indicators" included in the Commerce Department's monthly barometer of economic activity.

There is just one thing wrong with the explanation just advanced for the behavior of stock prices—at least if it is taken as the *sole* explanation of the current downturn. How is it that buyers and sellers of stocks are such good forecasters? Professional economists, with their huge mathematical models and endless computerized computations, have supreme difficulty in foreseeing turning points in economic activity. Indeed an honest appraisal of their results would indicate that they miss them as often as they hit them. What, then, makes the stock dealers so smart?

One answer is that they are not nearly as prescient as the expectation theory, just described, would suggest. Often, instead of consciously predicting turning points, they are merely reacting to current events that occur some months before the turning points arrive. For example, during the late stage of an inflationary boom, with business expenditures on plant and equipment proceeding apace, corporations necessarily issue more stocks, bonds and other notes of indebtedness. They need cash to finance their expansion, which becomes more difficult with prices rising. But that increases the *supply* of stocks and other securities available for purchase. Meanwhile, two simultaneous events commonly reduce the demand. First, on the way up, during the earlier phase of the business expansion, many investors will already have bought stocks, thereby using up much or all of their surplus cash. Secondly, the cash available from banks is firmly cut down by the Federal Reserve, which almost always tightens the monetary clamps during inflation. These events alone would be enough to dampen stock prices. Yet an additional—and critical—effect of tight money is to make interest rates higher to discourage borrowing. Bonds or other certificates of indebtedness, with their high yields, become more attractive investments than stocks. Today, the yield on excellent long-term bonds ranges from 7.5 to nearly nine percent, with a risk of loss close to zero. The dividend yield on stocks currently averages three percent. The unpopularity of common stocks for investors is no mystery.

But how long, oh how long, can their prices go down? Remember that stock transactions are premised on expectations. Most stock prices are now abnormally low in relation to their current earnings, judged by historical standards. Furthermore note that dividends payouts are temporarily restricted by govern-

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nent controls. Is it not reasonable to suppose that in he not too distant future, perhaps in a year or so, nore nearly normal relationships will be restored? That would imply a sharp rise in stock prices in relaion to earnings. Even if a recession occurs, it could nean a soaring stock market. For example, as I write, Chrysler's common stock sells for somewhat less than 30, or about five times annual earnings per share. Historically the normal price-earnings ratio for this ecurity is 10. Even if a recession knocked profits lown by 20 percent, a restoration of the old price-earnings ratio would boost Chrysler's price from 30 to 8. Many stock brokers reason this way, and advise hat now is the time to buy. Naturally, some others urgue against it, which recalls one of Wall Street's nore venerated sayings: "While surgeons claim that hey are the oldest profession because God removed Adam's rib to make Eve, and while physicists claim even longer lineage because God's creation of matter rom chaos was a physical process, stock brokers laim the longest lineage of all because, they ask, who but they could have created the chaos?"

Their interpretation of the genesis brings us back to you and me, the citizens watching and reacting to, rather than controlling current events. What does the behavior of the stock market, the dollar and gold mean to us? If we are among the 25 or 30 million people who own significant amounts of stock, the recent toboggan may be mentally depressing and perhaps financially constraining. But for nearly all of us that will pass. More fundamentally, the meaning of these gyrations is that we are living through the greatest peacetime inflation in the modern history of our country, engineered by an ineffectual administration and coupled in a unique way, previously unmatched in either the United States or Europe, with high unemployment. Nothing in the immediate outlook, or in government policies yet disclosed, promises a material improvement. Sooner or later, just as the stock market anticipates, the administration will achieve its next "corrective" recession, replicating its performance of the recent past. When it does, inflation will recede, but not disappear, while unemployment will increase. No seer is required to perceive this, for all will be in accord with the hallowed (since January 1969) principles of Nixonomics.

How the FBI and CIA Played the Game

by Walter Pincus

Within days of the arrest of five men inside Demoratic Party headquarters, the then-acting FBI Director . Patrick Gray III was seeking ways to "low-key" his nvestigation of leads to higher-ups. That is clear from nemoranda of conversations written by CIA Deputy Director Lt. General Vernon Walters during the weeks mmediately after the break-in, at a time when Gray nd Walters were directly involved in a White House effort to delay—and perhaps completely halt—FBI nvestigation of five checks—checks that tied the Watergate burglars to the Committee for the Re-election of the President.

Contrary to the general impression that the two men refused to bend to White House pressures, the memos show that, as Walters recalled of a July 6 conversation, they both "shared a long association with the President and a desire to protect him." ("This was a most awkward matter to come up during an election year," Walters quotes Gray as saying.) And indeed they did delay one phase of the bureau investigation for two weeks, from June 23 to July 6, under pressure from presidential aides H. R. Haldeman, John Ehrlichman and John Wesley Dean III. Thereafter, neither man on his own was able to bring himself to do what the White House most wanted—sign a letter citing national security as a reason for halting FBI inquiry into the four Mexican checks totaling $89,000 and a fifth $25,000 cashier's check signed by Kenneth Dahlberg.

Why did top White House aides want to shut off such an inquiry? Because they knew the checks had originated as contributions to the Nixon reelection committee, and that only after their receipt in Washington were they transferred to the Miami bank account of Bernard Barker, one of those arrested at the Watergate and later convicted. Perhaps the White House knew where the checks would lead as a result of a conversation convicted conspirator G. Gordon Liddy had on June 20 with Robert Mardian, a Justice

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Department aide of John Mitchell's who was pulling together information on Watergate. Liddy's statements to Mardian almost certainly were sent on to the White House. Or else the White House knew about the checks from Mexico because it had full prior knowledge of the entire Watergate project—and its financing.

There was a second reason for the White House to delay the FBI investigation of the money. The reelection committee treasurer, Hugh Sloan, Jr., was making it clear both at the White House and at the committee that he thought there was something wrong and that when asked by government investigators, he was going to tell the truth. His most damning evidence: that he had given Liddy $199,000 in cash for an unknown project. During the two-week delay of the bureau inquiry, efforts were made to quiet Sloan, ranging from suggestions he take a trip (which he did) to perjuring himself (which he did not).

The steps taken to limit the FBI investigation in those first weeks can now be traced from public statements—some of them contradictory—before several congressional committees studying the White House attempts to implicate the CIA, and most notably from memos written for the files by CIA's Lt. General Walters.

To see these events in perspective, we must go back to June 17 and the White House dismissal of Watergate as a "third-rate burglary." At that time, campaign manager John Mitchell was downgrading his full-time employee, James McCord, as a "consultant," cleverly leaving the impression that McCord must have been acting for some other client. And when the name E. Howard Hunt was linked to the break-in (sometimes referred to as a "caper"), the White House described him as a former part-time consultant who had terminated his employment some three months earlier. In short we were to conclude that neither the White House nor the Nixon committee was connected with the "attempted" burglary and bugging. (The public did not of course then know that this was a second break-in, and that phone monitoring of the Democrats had been going on for three weeks.)

On June 20 the FBI Miami field office was directed to review the bank accounts of one of the five men caught at the Watergate, Bernard Barker. His business account showed a deposit on April 20 of five checks totaling $114,000 and the withdrawal of that same amount—in cash—over the next two weeks. The bank supplied the FBI with copies of the checks—four on a Mexico City bank signed by Manuel Ogarrio, and one carrying Dahlberg's name on a Boca Raton bank. That information was immediately forwarded to Washington and probably was in Gray's hands late Wednesday, the 21st, or the following day. Gray had just returned from California, where he had been during the five days preceding. During his absence, the bureau's Washington investigation was stalled; no one at the White House or the Nixon committee had been interviewed by the FBI, though the payroll and other office records of James McCord had been secured from the reelection committee.

At 9:35 am, June 21, Ehrlichman telephoned Gray. A half hour later Gray called Dean to meet him that morning at the FBI. After the meeting there were further telephone conversations between Gray and Dean and a second personal meeting in Gray's office at 6:30 pm on the 22nd. Thus within 48 hours of his return to Washington after the break-in, Gray had had four phone calls and two conferences involving two of the three White House aides who—subsequent information disclosed—have been charged with limiting the scope of the FBI Watergate investigation. At his Senate confirmation hearings, Gray testified that these contacts were to "discuss procedures *re* interviews of White House personnel." Perhaps they were in part.

Gray also told the senators that he closely guarded the results of early bureau inquiries, making a big point that he stopped a routine FBI memo to Haldeman prepared on June 19. Now we know from General Walters' memos and other testimony that Gray was lying—that almost immediately upon his return to Washington he discussed in detail with the White House what his agents had discovered. The full scope of those discussions—far from "procedural"—and the willingness of the acting FBI director to restrict the FBI investigation are further revealed in Ehrlichman's statement that Gray "at that time had leads and had interviews that had to be made in Mexico and he was concerned . . . as to whether he ought to contact Mexican lawyer."

At some point, probably early on June 22, the possibility had been put forward of using the danger of compromising CIA—which hands out large sums in secret for its own purposes—as an excuse for halting the FBI inquiry on the money that went through Barker's account. By then Gray had shared with Dean and possibly Ehrlichman the information the FBI had gathered in Miami about the Mexican and Dahlberg checks.

Possibly in response to a suggestion from Dean, Gray called CIA Director Richard Helms on June 22 to ask officially if the CIA was involved in the Watergate break-in. It was a plausible question. Each of the five men arrested had some prior CIA connection, and E. Howard Hunt, whose name turned up in a phone book of one of the burglars, was a former CIA official. Helms' agency had already run name checks on each of the arrested men, and during closed-door testimony on another subject before a Senate Armed Services subcommittee June 20, Helms had volunteered that there was no connection between his agency and Watergate. So when Gray called on June 22, Helms again said the CIA had no association with the event

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nor had any of the suspects worked for the CIA in the previous two years. That should have been the end of the matter, but it wasn't.

The evening meeting of June 22 between Gray and Dean at FBI headquarters probably was a key one. Hours earlier, FBI agents had conducted their first White House interviews—with Dean sitting in. The agents had asked presidential assistant Charles Colson if Hunt had an office in the White House complex. He did, in room 338 in the Executive Office Building, and Colson knew it. So did Dean, who had ordered Hunt's safe to be drilled open three days earlier and had reviewed its contents. But Dean told the FBI agents he would have to check to see if Hunt had an office. Obviously the White House aides were worried about where the FBI inquiry would lead if it were not reined in. And in Gray they believed they had someone willing to take the bit in his mouth.

Two events may have propelled the White House to press the CIA cover-up story on Gray, despite Helms' repudiation of it. First, on June 23, the assistant US attorney, Earl Silbert, announced in a bond hearing on Bernard Barker that $89,000 had recently passed through Barker's Miami account and come out in cash. That statement was bound to provoke press interest in the source of the Watergate money. Second, FBI agents on June 23 were trying to get in touch with Dahlberg, a Minneapolis businessman and GOP fundraiser whose $25,000, passed on to Barker, was in the form of a cashier's check, so as to hide its source. Dahlberg called Nixon finance chairman Maurice Stans that same day to find out what was going on. That in turn prompted Stans to have Hugh Sloan, Jr., treasurer of the Nixon organization, draw up a single-copy, final summary of receipts and expenditures of $1.7 million in cash funds—and destroy all the backup material.

Quick action was called for, and rather than depend on Gray alone to block further inquiry, the White House decided to use Haldeman and Ehrlichman, who would order CIA Deputy Director Walters, also a long-time associate of the President, to say the necessary. It was assumed that a White House directive passed to Gray through the CIA's number two man would relieve—for a time—the pressure Gray was getting from his own agents to push ahead with the investigation. The principals were summoned to Ehrlichman's office at 1 pm on June 23. Helms and Walters have said that Haldeman directed the conversation. Ehrlichman has said that he "was almost a visitor at that meeting."

According to Walters, Haldeman wasted no time. The President's chief of staff said the FBI "investigation was leading to a lot of important people and this could get worse . . . The whole affair was getting embarrassing and it was the President's wish that Walters call on Acting Director L. Patrick Gray and suggest to him that, since the five suspects had been arrested, this should be sufficient and that it was not advantageous to have the inquiry pushed, especially in Mexico. . . ." Helms intervened to restate what he had told Gray a day earlier, that the CIA was not involved. Haldeman persisted: Walters would tell Gray that he, Walters, had talked to the White House and that "the investigation [should] not be pushed further." Gray, Haldeman said, would be "receptive as he was looking for guidance in the matter." Helms noted later that he "couldn't . . . understand why they were concerned about Mexico at the time." But since the White House was ordering his deputy to carry a message, Helms instructed Walters to "limit his remarks to Director Gray to saying if any investigation ran into a CIA operation . . . he simply notify us."

Walters' memorandum of his subsequent conversation with Gray—which took place an hour after Walters left Ehrlichman's office—shows he failed to follow Helms' instructions. Instead the deputy director of the CIA and the acting director of the FBI pondered how it might be possible to do what the White House wanted. Walters did relay Helms' message that further investigation "might lead to some projects," but he did not stop there. Walters says he told Gray "that if the investigations were pushed south of the border it could trespass on some of our covert projects, and [taking up a Haldeman line] in view of the fact that the five men involved were under arrest, it would be best to taper off the matter there." In short, supposedly knowing nothing but what Haldeman told him, the CIA deputy director was willing to tell the FBI to take it easy.

This was the kind of message Gray was looking for. According to Walters, Gray said his "problem was how to low key the matter now that it was launched." He then went on to say "a lot of money was apparently involved," mentioning "a check on a Mexican bank for $89,000" and "the name Dahlberg." Gray then said, again according to Walters, that "he would see what he could do." In response to the Haldeman directive that the investigation be tapered off, Gray is reported to have said "he understood and would have to study the matter *to see how it could be done.* He would have to talk to John Dean about it."

Within minutes of Walters' departure, Gray called Dean at the White House. There is no record of what was said, but a hold *was* put on the bureau's Mexican inquiry. The Dahlberg interview was delayed.

The following Monday, June 26, Walters met with Dean at Dean's office. According to Walters' notes, Dean "said the investigation of the Watergate 'bugging' case was extremely awkward and that there were a lot of leads to important people. . . ." Dean then went on to describe various theories of investigation being pursued by the FBI—information that only could have come from the bureau—most likely from Gray himself, and he "asked whether there was not some way that the [CIA] could pay bail (for the

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Watergate suspects then in jail); [he] added that it was not just bail, but that if these men went to prison could we [the CIA] find some way to pay their salaries while they were serving out their convictions." Walters' reaction to this incredible suggestion appears not to have been an immediate "no." Rather Walters explained he did not have personal authority to cause such a step to be taken by CIA, and even if it were done "this would become known sooner or later . . . and at that point the scandal would be 10 times greater. . . ." Dean asked Walters if he could think of any way CIA could help. Walters said he would discuss the request with Helms, and left.

That afternoon, Dean called Gray, who was in Ohio. The substance of that conversation is not known. The next day, June 27, Dean turned over to the FBI what he said were the entire contents of Hunt's White House safe. The delivery of that material to the FBI all but assured the later indictment of Hunt, along with the arrested Watergate burglars. One is forced to conclude that by then the White House had given up hope of protecting Hunt and Liddy, that is, of limiting the investigation—as Haldeman put it—to the "sufficiency" of the five arrested suspects. Now the focus would shift to permanently blocking the Mexican and Dahlberg investigations which, if followed, would lead the FBI beyond Watergate into violations of campaign fund laws and into the sanctums of Nixon contributors.

Gray had set up a meeting with Helms for June 28, for Gray thought he needed something stronger than Walters' word if he were to continue blocking investigation of the checks. At the last minute, however, Ehrlichman called Gray to say his meeting with Helms was cancelled and that Gray should forget Helms and deal only with Walters on the CIA involvement.

Minutes thereafter, Walters was summoned to Dean's office, where the "problem" was frankly discussed of "how to stop the FBI investigation beyond the five suspects." Dean, according to Walters, "asked hopefully whether I could do anything or had any suggestions," after first disclosing something that only someone totally familiar with the financing of the Watergate operation could say: "that the $89,000 was only related to the bugging case. . . ." Walters could have declined to discuss any cover-up—which by now he must have realized was a criminal act—but instead the CIA deputy director again stressed he had no independent authority, and "the idea that I act independently had no basis in fact." Walters then stated that any CIA involvement in a cover-up "could only be at presidential direction," and it seemed to him the danger there was not participation in a criminal act; rather, "the political risks that were concomitant appeared to me to be unacceptable." Pressed by Dean, Walters raised the possibility of blaming the entire affair on the Cubans, since "everyone knew that the Cubans were conspiratorial and anxious to know what the policies of both parties would be toward Castro." Almost a year after writing these words, and prior to testifying before several congressional committees, Walters noted that his "remarks [on the Cubans] were intended only as a hypothetical assumption." On June 28, 1972, Dean agreed that it was "the best tack to take but it might cost a half million dollars."

Sometime later that afternoon, June 28, Gray went to Ehrlichman's office, where Dean handed him two files that he said had been held out of the material from Hunt's White House safe which he, Dean, had delivered to the FBI the day before. Dean described the files as "political dynamite" that "shouldn't see the light of day." Gray took them and subsequently destroyed them. He says he never read them. Whatever they contained, his handling of them is further proof of his willingness to help the White House limit the investigation.

Gray knew he was sitting on a pressure cooker and he couldn't be sure the lid wouldn't be blown off. His own agents were restive. The press was hot after every new clue. Late on July 5 Gray telephoned Walters to say that "the pressures on him to continue the [Mexican] investigation were great," and that "unless he had documents" from Walters "to the effect that [FBI] investigation was endangering national security, he [Gray] would have to go ahead with the investigation. . . ." Walters procrastinated, saying he would call back. The following morning the two of them met in Gray's FBI office. Walters spoke of the pressures on *him* and reiterated his belief that any letter from the CIA deputy director "asking the FBI to lay off this investigation on spurious grounds" would "become known prior to the election. What was now a minor wound would become a mortal wound. I [Walters] said quite frankly that I wouldn't write such a letter."

Gray responded with some revealing statements of his own: "He himself had told Ehrlichman and Haldeman that he would not possibly suppress the investigation" of the checks—though he had successfully delayed it for two weeks. "He had told Kleindienst this." And apparently in response to a White House suggestion that he close down the Mexican lead *without* a CIA letter, Gray "told Ehrlichman and Haldeman that he would prefer to resign, but his resignation would raise many questions that would be detrimental to the President's interests."

Gray seems to have known then who the culprits of the original bugging episode were, for he told Walters "he did not see why he or I should jeopardize the integrity of our organizations to protect *some mid-level White House figures who had acted imprudently.*" Nevertheless Gray remained unwilling to recognize that his cover-up effort, encouraged by Nixon aides, constituted a crime. According to Walters, "he was prepared to let this go to Ehrlichman, to Haldeman or to Mitchell. . . ." Gray was not "anxious"

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to talk to Mitchell, however, "because he was afraid that at his confirmation hearings he would be asked whether he had talked to Mitchell about the Watergate case and he wished to be in a position to reply negatively." Gray *was* asked about Mitchell at his hearings and he *did* reply in the negative. He also was asked whether he had spoken to Haldeman and, despite the many references in the Walters memos on Gray-Haldeman conversations, Gray told the senators he had not had such discussions.

This conversation with Walters left Gray with no recourse but belatedly to turn his agents loose on the Mexican leads and on Dahlberg. Sometime on July 6, either before or after he flashed the green light, Gray called campaign director Clark MacGregor, who was with the President in California. Gray complained of "people on the White House staff [who] are careless and indifferent in their use of both the FBI and CIA, and we have the feeling that this can be injurious to both of our agencies and can be wounding to the President." Thirty minutes later, the President called Gray. Gray repeated what he had said to MacGregor. The President, according to Gray's version replied, "Pat, you just continue to conduct your aggressive and thorough investigation."

When Gray recounted this phone call to Walters, six days later, no MacGregor call was mentioned. Gray told Walters the President had called on another matter, then inquired if Gray had talked to Walters. When Gray said he had, the President asked for his recommendation. According to Walters' memo, "Gray had replied that the case could not be covered up and would lead quite high and he felt that the President should get rid of the people that were involved." During his Senate confirmation hearing, Gray went out of his way to hide his conversation with the President. It could be that his call to MacGregor was designed to get a presidential response on the delay of the investigation, but in a way that Gray could say he never called the President—a statement he made more than once.

Dahlberg was interviewed by FBI agents July 6. He told them his $25,000 check represented "cash contributions he had obtained while he was in Boca Raton Florida), and he furnished this check to Maurice Stans . . . on April 11, 1972, in Washington DC." Though Dahlberg did not know Bernard Barker, the FBI had established an unbreakable link between the Watergate burglar and the Nixon reelection committee. Four days later the Mexican lawyer Manuel Ogarrio was interviewed by FBI agents in Mexico City. He too confirmed that his checks originally had been contributions to the Nixon committee, sent to Stans in Washington.

Was the White House-Gray-Walters effort to delay investigation of the Mexican and Dahlberg checks the only such cover-up effort made in the course of the investigation and trial? Testimony already presented to the Ervin Select Senate Committee indicates the contrary. Defendants were approached to remain silent and invited to hope for executive clemency. In the case of convicted conspirator James W. McCord, there is testimony that the approach to him originated with Dean. A recent General Accounting Office report disclosed that a $350,000 cash fund maintained by Haldeman was used to pay hush money to the jailed Watergate defendants.

There is another lead in the Walters memos to possible White House intervention. According to Walters, at a July 12 meeting with Gray, the former acting FBI director "said that the US attorney had subpoenaed the financial records of the Committee to Reelect the President. It had been suggested [Walters does not say by whom] that [Gray] stop this. He had replied that he could not. Whoever wanted this done should talk to the Attorney General and see if there was any legal way to do this." Whoever wanted that subpoena blocked was successful—the records were never sought by the prosecutors, though they were demanded, and received in part, by Common Cause as part of its civil lawsuit against the Nixon committee. It's just one more area that needs exploring if the full story of political espionage, sabotage and the cover-up are to be public knowledge.

Getting along by going along is an old Washington habit. But the ability of the White House to get men in high positions in government and outside to play along, when to do so meant breaking the law, must be viewed as one of the more shocking disclosures of the Watergate affair. Equally shocking is that a man like Gray could actively participate in a cover-up, then appear before a Senate committee to seek a job, FBI director, that requires integrity, and under oath proceed to lie and to mislead not only about his role in Watergate but those of the men he dealt with. And the behavior of CIA's Deputy Director Walters is only barely less repugnant. He was out to protect not the substance of integrity but its appearance. He, too, would cover up—if the President personally ordered it.

The case of CIA Director Helms differs in degree of blame. Helms stood by as the White House sought to manipulate his agency for a partisan purpose, and though he finally prevented it—probably at the cost of his job—he later kept silent through the election campaign while the public was deliberately deceived. Later, when placed under oath before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, this man who finally refused to play along with the White House, also refused to reveal what he knew of the cover-up.

How many more Grays and Walters are still in government and out, men willing to connive in deception and crime so as to protect the reputation and political fortunes of a President? And how many like Helms are there prepared to let the democratic process be corrupted while protecting their own jobs or agencies?

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

O Lucky Man!

(Warner Bros.)

Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid

(MGM)

For a decade or so, there was promise that Lindsay Anderson might become a British analogue of Ingmar Bergman—a good theater director who went to films as a place where he could be creator more than interpreter. Now Anderson has made his third feature film. Like his two previous ones, *This Sporting Life* (1963) and *If . . .* (1969), it shows that—if we consider talent apart from works—he is the most gifted director in British film history. But his first picture was flawed, his second more so, and *O Lucky Man!* is so much the worst of the three that it seems twisted by rancor—pickled in Anderson's bile because he wasn't called a genius for the first two. The film exudes conceit and pigheadedness, is steeped in self-display and self-reference, a three-hour effort at self-canonization. (Even the title is an echo of an early Anderson short, *O Dreamland*, to give scholars of the future something to mull.)

There is no single moment that is not well directed, some moments much better than that. But what is supposed to be a work of radical daring, in method and matter, is only a laborious sophomoric dud. Its cinematic "originality" is out of Godard and Truffaut and others; its social criticism is a harvest of thematic and symbolic corn; and its complicated apparatus, which is supposed to produce the episodic history of a modern Candide in Brechtian clothing, is like a scattering of battered parcels dropped behind the hero as he goes.

The script is by David Sherwin, who wrote *If . . .*, and is said to be based on Malcolm McDowell's life as a coffee salesman before he became an actor. McDowell, of *If . . .* and *A Clockwork Orange*, plays the leading role, moderately well. The narrative is built in episodes, each labeled with a place-title (Brecht); these episodes are separated-linked by shots of Alan Price, a British pop star, recording some of his own songs in a studio (Godard). The film begins with an iris-in shot and silent-film sepia tones (Truffaut), then—and later—uses silent-film subtitles (*Tom Jones*). After a pointless prologue, which is the only section in sepia, the main story begins with a satire on factories and sales training that might have seemed fresh sometime before René Clair and includes the predictable seduction of McDowell by the company psychologist (Rachel Roberts). Throughout the film there are many moves like this, telegraphed ahead more clearly than Western Union at its best. When McDowell is traveling for his firm and stops at a small hotel, his horny landlady is waiting in his bed when he comes home. When he calls on the manager of a posh hotel, he gets taken to a party and, by gum, they show porno films, which tell the Truth about sterile, seamy modern life. When he is innocently casing a military base in Scotland where he wants to sell coffee, he is arrested as a spy. How could he *not* be, in this Sherwin-Anderson tonality of the innocent among wolves?

When the film isn't being excruciatingly banal in its "exposure" of the ills of our time, it's being equally painful in its opposing glimpses of purity and the lost Eden. Escaping from the military base and inquisitional torture through a lucky accident (O *lucky* man), McDowell soon finds himself in an idyllic pastoral setting, complete with rustic church, where a vicar's buxom wife suckles him when she learns he's hungry and where her two children then guide him across great fields to a highway. Change of mood: he gets a lift straight into a science-fiction horror episode—a hospital where a mad doctor grafts human heads on to animal bodies. (Heartless Science.) Change of mood: McDowell escapes from science horror to a passing van with Alan Price and combo, and a girl who sleeps with him while they more or less watch. (Brave New World.) Change of mood: the girl's father is a world tycoon who takes McDowell on as an aide, only to make him the fall-guy in a swindle. Then prison, then purification . . . well, it ends up with McDowell going to an immense open audition for a Lindsay Anderson film, presumably *If . . .*. Anderson, with the sureness that has distinguished him throughout his film career, picks McDowell out of a great mob like *that*, tests him, and asks him for a smile. When McDowell (inexplicably) refuses, Anderson strikes him across the face with a script, and then there's a smile.

That moment is the crux. The picture is apparently intended as a picaresque account of a hero protected by innocence, whose good-heartedness sees him through. (I would have thought it was his good looks that made the

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Cabaret. Slick musical, remotely connected with Isherwood's *Berlin Stories*. Michael York better than Liza Minnelli, which is one of the things wrong with the film. But Bob Fosse directs smartly.

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie. Luis Buñuel, seventy-something and something to marvel at, plays slyly with middle-class corruption.

Last Tango in Paris. A lot of it is adolescently stark and sententious, but the early Brando-Schneider sex scenes are powerful.

Memories of Underdevelopment. Fascinating, sensitive Cuban film about a bourgeois intellectual in the first days of the Castro revolution.

Payday. The last 36 hours in the life of a country-music star, played pungently by Rip Torn. Pleasantly different from some recent pretentiousness, it's more serious than it seems.

State of Siege. Fictional re-creation of the Tupamaro abduction and murder of an American official in Uruguay, 1970. Questionably objective, but generally gripping.

A Touch of Class. Old-fashioned comedy-romance, up to date. Mostly fast and frivolous. George Segal good as Yank in London, Glenda Jackson shows dazzling light-comic range.

SK

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Robert Brustein on theater

The Prevalence of Style

London

How ungracious I've been this season about the English theater and its more highly praised staples! I sometimes feel like the dyspeptic guest at the family dinner, complaining about the cuisine while everyone else is toasting the chef. Well, I'll soon be putting my napkin back in its ring, to the audible relief of many at the table; but before I leave the dining room, it's only fair to explain by what standards I've been finding this year's theatrical fare somewhat less than appetizing.

In judging production, three qualities seem to me important: 1) *emotional texture*, or the depth and penetration of performance, 2) *imaginative daring*, or the exercise of the intelligent fancy in conceptualizing texts, and 3) *style*, or the skill and polish which brings a production up to professional pitch. I have listed these qualities in what I consider to be their proper order of importance, on a descending scale from internal reality to external accomplishment. The emotional texture of a production leaves the most permanent mark on a spectator; imaginative daring stimulates his mind and impresses him with a sense of the artist's uniqueness; and style arouses his admiration for technical craftsmanship and dexterity. Memorable works of the theater usually possess all three of these qualities in abundance—a recent example is the Cracow Stary Theatre production of *The Possessed*. But perfectly sound productions can be created on the basis of only one. The question is, which one. If style is the predominant feature of the theater over a long period, it can produce a trivializing effect. And if I sense triviality in much recent English theater, it may be because I think it has grown too dependent on style. Obviously a stylistic attack is essential to the production of certain kinds of plays, notably wit comedies and farces, which English companies do superlatively well. But when technical adroitness becomes the hallmark of the theater as a whole, it may cease to provide enough nourishment to sustain growth.

What accounts for the prevalence of style at the expense of passion and adventure on the current English stage? One can start to generalize an answer on the basis of such national characteristics as British reserve (to account for the absence of passion) or verbal fluency (to account for the dominance of style), but this would clearly be wrong, for until very recently, the English stage was distinguished by many productions that displayed power as well as skill, daring along with accomplishment. One thinks of Peter Brooks' work, particularly *Lear* and *Marat/Sade*, or of Peter Hall's anti-war *Henry V* with Ian Holm, of Olivier's *Othello*, Scofield's *Government Inspector*, or the fine productions at the Court under George Devine. And one thinks too of John Gielgud's infinitely funny and touching 1954 version of *The Cherry Orchard*.

I suspect the answer lies in the audience, for whom style is assumed to be the most readily accessible quality in the theater; and as evidence of this let me cite Michael Blakemore's production of *The Cherry Orchard* at the National. By contrast with Gielgud's version this interpretation is largely an exercise in style. It is civilized, glamorous, sophisticated, well thought-out and carefully paced, packed with stage business and sound effects—and rather anemic of imagination, starved of emotional matter. One feels the hand of a professional in every nook and corner; what one doesn't feel is the cumulative impact of the play. The production attempts to please the audience too much at the expense of the author. In the third-act ballroom scene, for example, Mr. Blakemore has organized a handsome interlude, with the richly wardrobed guests swirling about the stage so gracefully that their dance elicits applause from the audience. But the social events of this decaying house are not meant to recall the choreography of *The Great Waltz*; actually things have grown so seedy that, as old Firs tells us, the family is hardly able to count on the attendance of the postal clerk and the stationmaster, neither of whom would be distinguished by his dancing or his tailoring.

The disintegration of this once-noble household is not suggested often by the actors either. And the director's decision to revolve the stage in the last scene, showing Firs trapped in a cell-like room, squeezes extra pathos for this character at the cost of diminishing the importance of the entire house as a central image of loss and desolation.

Then Denis Quilley's Lopakhin, embodying style in abundance, is played not as a clumsy goodhearted peasant who bumps into furniture and flails his arms about, but rather as an elegant, well-mannered businessman, possibly modeled on an executive of Lonrho. And while Michael Hordern is so cuddly as Gayev that I felt the impulse to hug him, his winsome, winking Hulot figure is some distance from the cranky, vacant and somewhat snobbish character Chekhov wrote.

Ingmar Bergman's production of Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*, preformed by the Royal Dramatic. Theatre of Sweden in the World Theatre Season at the Aldwych, does not show very much in the way of style or even (oddly) in the way of imagination, but it has enough emotional power to rivet one's attention. Physically the production is a bit of a mess. The lighting is so dim you can't often tell which of the actors is wearing face hair, and the settings are surprisingly tacky, considering the visual perceptiveness of the director. But who cares, when Bergman has been able to extract such marvelous performances from his company. Theatrically weak, this production is dramatically extremely potent, as well as extremely moving. Bergman builds slowly in the first act, bringing on some well-groomed pillars of society to wander casually through the exposition, but when he enters the delusionary world of Hjalmar Ekdal, he creates a sense of steady and inexorable movement. Gina and Hedvig seem at first a little too saturnine to suggest the gaiety of the pre-Gregers Ekdal household. But it is not long before they uncoil characters of tensile strength: Gina, a stoical peasant woman out of Van Gogh with an instinct for manipulating her self-dramatizing husband, and Hedvig, slightly older and more buxom than one imagines her, a passionate creature with deep feelings for her father (their continual embracing of each other goes well beyond the filial), and utterly heartbroken when he rejects her.

But the evening belongs to Max von Sydow as Gregers Werle, and Ernst-Hugo Järegard as Hjalmar. Von Sydow plays Gregers as an incredibly awkward, stooped and ugly giant, his lank

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blond hair hanging like limp flax about his ears, a self-conscious ogre hugging his body into pretzel-like contortions as he pours his destructive idealism into Ekdal's ears. And Järegard carefully builds Ekdal into a hollow man and posturing fraud, self-important, declamatory and appetitive, the perfect embodiment of histrionic man. Bergman has not been able to conceal the contrived symbolism and old-fashioned causality of the play (particularly evident in Ibsen's rigid notions of heredity), but he has modulated the performances with the modesty and sureness of a great conductor, bringing each character, however minor, to its emotional fulfillment.

Let us welcome this production warmly, then, along with a few other presentations in this year's World Theatre Season, not only for its own intrinsic qualities, but for reminding the profession and the audience of what theater is at its best: not a demonstration of brilliance and elegance, not an easy route to the approval of the spectator, not a civilized escape from everyday cares, which are the attractions of style, but a brave exploration of the inner labyrinths of human character as revealed in a crisis of action.

Victorians to the Rescue

Culture and the Radical Conscience

by Eugene Goodheart

(Harvard University Press; $7.95)

Eugene Goodheart's response to the troubles of the '60s as they affected the academy reminds me of Quentin Anderson's *The Imperial Self*, which appeared a couple of years ago, and was one of the earliest such responses on the scene. Professor Anderson, a student of American literature, traced the solipsistic assumptions of student and faculty dissidents to their transcendental roots, in particular to Emerson and Whitman, a valid exercise made somewhat cranky by Anderson's grumpy implication that *blame* was involved. There are a number of differences between Goodheart's reaction to academic radicals and Anderson's, yet both have a quarrel to pick with the basic assumptions of the radicals' arguments for academic reform.

Professor Goodheart (MIT) is not a scholar of American literature, but is apparently a student of philosophy, and his viewpoint is at once broader and in a sense more limited than Anderson's. While mentioning neither Emerson nor Whitman, he discusses instead Matthew Arnold's "touchstone" theory of criticism, J. S. Mill's utilitarianism and Cardinal Newman's illative sense. Where Anderson turned to our own 19th century, Goodheart repairs to Victorian England, and there digs up a set of attitudes toward literature which has a strong element of the "personal," and which he offers as an antidote to strident student (and young faculty) anti-intellectualism, as well as to the technologically oriented approach to literature still used by many teachers, the decadent remains of the new criticism. Both of these groups catch it from Goodheart early and late: the first for "vulgar" and illogical thinking, and for ideological philistinism; the second for its sterile adherence to an unthinking, unfeeling analytical method.

The remainder of Goodheart's book is taken up by a cogent and readable discussion of the roots and branches of utopian and anti-utopian thought in 18th- and 19th-century Europe, explorations which lead the author to the conclusion that art is best not mixed with politics after all, a conclusion that he admittedly shares with the latter-day new critics. Though the burden of his book is occupied with this particular problem, centering on the great poetry but unacceptable politics of such as Yeats and Pound, the point of his attack—as with most sharp weapons—is up front. For its urgency, though sometimes tardy, and for its many thoughtful and perceptive qualities, his book is well worth reading, and arguing with. But argument *is* in order.

It will not do, I think, to put too much hope in the Victorians as a bridge over troubled waters. In discussing the indebtedness of recent British historians —like Raymond Williams and Richard Hoggart—to their middling-class attitudes, Goodheart affirms the dependence of patterns of thought and attitude upon one's cultural environment while managing to miss the point that we Americans are wed to our past more than to England's. He would like to borrow Arnold's touchstone and Newman's illative sense, but when he gets home he will find that he has a rock from Dover Beach and an evaporating drop of holy water in his hands.

None of the Victorians, for example, lacked some kind of relationship, even if antagonistic, with mother church. T. S. Eliot in that regard was a belated Victorian, and a self-appointed one at that, while his opposite number, Ezra Pound, took the more modern route to Italy (not to Rome), the road of art-cum-politics which Goodheart, though fascinated, deplores.

Goodheart's advocacy of the illative sense is particularly revealing of his basic fallacy. What is Newman's illative sense but an equivalent of his leap of faith, the both based on subjective inference mixed with a large measure of traditional theology. That we should substitute a more personal sense of the worth of literature in the classroom is a fine idea, but of what use is Newman's complex response to his own *Zeitgeist* to us? We might as well send to the attic for the golden spectacles of William Lyon Phelps. Goodheart is tough-minded when he takes on his main adversaries, the academic radicals of the late '60s, for their love of stated though unsubstantiated "truths," and yet, when it comes his turn on the platform, he has no real program in mind, no method, not even the suggestion of an effective set of principles fo

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neeting what he concedes are valid objections to the current academic study of literature.

Goodheart is a learned man and an ntellectual, who prizes our cultural inheritance. He fears ideologues and philistines for their anti-intellectualism and bleak dismissal of art as "irrelevant." His position, however, is mostly anti-, and his own approach tends to be antagonistic and, upon occasion, reductive. With his villains as with his Victorians, Goodheart is often simplistic and somewhat perverse. He would deny the accusations of Bruce Franklin – a Maoist English professor recently fired from a tenured post at Stanford for his militant political activities – that the typical academic is an underworked, overpaid, cynical snob. This is, claims Goodheart, a "vulgar" simplification, although he admits that many academics are indeed unthinking, depersonalized technicians of literature. Except for Franklin's use of derogatory, loaded images – the artifice of rhetoric – Goodheart seems in substantial agreement with him, and in the end substantiates Franklin's point.

So also with Frederick Crews' image of the academic as a "pacifier" of the rebellious, Dionysian (guerrilla) spirit of literature, who "programs" art into quietistic categories under the appropriate labels of critical jargon. Goodheart deplores the oversimplification which any metaphor promotes, but other than deprogramming Crews' opinion, he does little to refute it or pose an alternative. Moreover he is manifestly unfair to Crews by failing to note the context for his attack on "meliorism." Crews' response was, I believe, the result of personal anguish over the Vietnam war, his own realization (shared by many of us) of the deep commitment of the academy to the policies and techniques of that war. The war is more or less over now, so far as the US is concerned, and the capacity of the academy to cleanse itself of attitudes which permitted its often unwitting participation in the first place has not yet been demonstrated. I doubt if the critical instruments of Arnold, Newman and Mill – who pursued their various careers seldom questioning the source of the wealth which supported them in their literary endeavors, Mill in particular earning his livelihood as an employee of India House – will serve as the necessary bucket and broom.

Franklin's attack on the academy, while fueled if not fired by the war, was a broader condemnation, in keeping with the principles of Marxist-Leninist thought. His object seems to have been to abolish intellectual inquiry as we now know it, not merely to purify its motives and ends. As a Maoist Franklin is in the camp of Truth, and it is a terrible truth that will not admit compromise. Goodheart, sallying forth from MIT with Arnold's touchstone in the sling of Mill's enlightened utilitarianism, is not fit champion against that kind of absolutist thought.

Goodheart is, I fear, something of a snob and an intellectual tyrant, much like his beloved Matthew Arnold, and is fond of reaching about in the grab bag of history for recondite answers to modern questions, discussing at length, for example, Schiller's *On the Aesthetic Education of Man*, which, though a fascinating example of the emerging romantic consciousness struggling to accommodate a paradoxical duality, is not going to help us out in freshman English, nor will it satisfy black students demanding literature relevant to their peculiar institutions. Goodheart may quite properly answer that those are not his concerns, that he is responding to the larger challenge of the '60s, the demand that the whole university become relevant by finding a language and a dialectic which will demonstrate the utility of art. In which case I suggest he explore the writings of a philosopher closer to MIT, one who is, moreover, the father of American radicalism,

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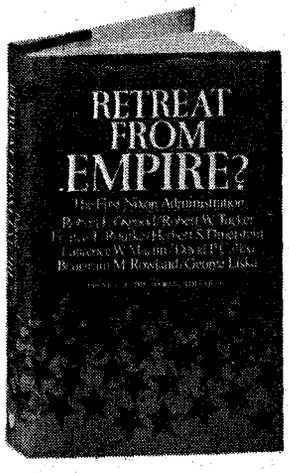

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Henry David Thoreau. When Thoreau retreated to his academic grove, his bastion of civil disobedience and self-discovery (I am not referring to Harvard), he took along the work of that writer who provided Arnold with a bushel of touchstones—Homer—and Thoreau tried in all his own writings to achieve that synthesis of shapeliness and moral sense which Arnold likewise prized, while providing us something more by way of program than, "Love let us be true to one another!"

It seems to me a feat of futility to look to the English Victorians and German Romantics (including Marx and Hegel) for sources of and responses to a distinctly American problem. The supremacy of a Marx to John Dewey as a thinker may go without saying, and perhaps a Thoreau does not command on the world market the price of a Schiller or Mill, but these are our roots and we should perhaps dig in the soil around *them* to find out where the branches got their start. If the black student will not touch Thoreau, hand him Frederick Douglass, as well aware as any man of his century that simple but forceful English is a necessary weapon for the task at hand, that the mastery of books and self is a corollary to lifting up one's brothers and sisters. If utopianism is indeed folly, America has had her utopias enough, from the Pilgrim colony to the promised republic of the Constitution, and if our history is a tale of idealistic hopes shriveled in the withering furnace of time, it would be something even less, I think, had not those hopes been able to find at least a momentary life and pulse.

John Seelye

Reconsideration

Croly's Mark Hanna

To a young man who had said he remembered nothing of his childhood, Thornton Wilder once remarked: "What a pity, for then you had no childhood." Mark Hanna had a childhood, which he did remember as he remembered almost everything that happened to him, but he left so little written record of his past that had it not been for Herbert Croly, he would have had more a mythic than a real life. For his part, Croly, his biography of Hanna done, either lost, mislaid or inadvertently destroyed both the "scarcity of documentary material" on which he had relied for some of his account and the supplementary notes and records he had compiled in his research. Hanna's life, as history knows it, is essentially the life about which Croly wrote.

Marcus Alonzo Hanna: His Life and Work
by Herbert Croly
Originally published in 1912
by Macmillan
Now out of print

In part an early venture in oral history, Croly's biography benefited from the fresh memories of those living who had known Hanna well, or at least as well as anybody ever had. The book was first published in 1912, only eight years after Hanna died, only 16 years after the Republican victory of 1896, Hanna's most shiny hour. Had he lived, Hanna would have been 75 in 1912; Croly was 43 and had sure adult memories of his own about the campaign of 1896, a campaign during which he opposed, as did Hanna, William Jennings Bryan and all he represented.

Croly's judgment about Mark Hanna and his place in history was also that of Hanna's later and lesser biographer, Thomas Beer. Hanna "had played in a dream of advancing industry, of men and wealth in one blend." In its time that was the American dream, especially in the culture of the Middle West which Hanna personified. As Beer put it, meaning only to praise: "He was not much different from any well-paid clerk or lawyer . . . His tastes were plain . . . He doted on stewed corn and rice puddings . . . and detested the eloquence of Henry Ward Beecher and Robert Ingersoll . . . Except that he was a daring pioneer of industrialism, . . . he was the mental cousin of any prosperous midlander." "He was chock full of energy," Croly observed, and it was his achievements as an organizer and promoter in business and politics that made him important.

But as Hanna once asked about a certain rich man said to be worth $20(million, "Yes, and what the hell else i: he worth?" In the scale of wealth of the community into which he was born Hanna was one of the privileged. Hi: family, "local capitalists of unimpeach able standing," as Croly describec them, were "unusually refined." Unlik Andrew Carnegie, who exemplifiec the rags-to-riches folklore of the era Hanna went to school with John D. an William Rockefeller. When they turne to oil, they had access to family mone for investment, just as Hanna did fo his early ventures in wholesale grocer ies, shipping, and later, after his mar riage into the Rhodes family, for hi further undertakings in coal and iror

Hanna resembled the Rockefellers, toc in the way in which he organized hi industrial domain. His "very compli cated and diversified business," Crol noted, rested upon alliances he ha made "covering every aspect of th production, the handling and transpo tation of . . . coal, iron-ore and pi iron." One ally was the Pennsylvan Railroad; one strength lay in the sale organization which Hanna had buil another in the firm's ability to consur as well as to sell to others much of th raw material it extracted. A characte istic industrial capitalist, Hanna move sensibly to verticalization with its a tendant efficiencies. Through his "co porate and . . . individual propertie and personal and corporate alliances he also moved away from unrestricte competition with its wasteful debilit tions. But Hanna's company, unlil Standard Oil, retained a "person character," served its customers "fair and efficiently," and treated its er ployees with paternalistic justice. B cause it was natural, efficient, ar beneficent by the standards of the tim because it was more than just a vehic for the accumulation of wealth, th company stood as a model of a "goc trust," as Theodore Roosevelt used th phrase in 1912 and as Croly by implic tion agreed. In contrast Croly took Ha na to task for those operations in urb transport that depended upon qua: monopoly control, established in p: by bribery, over an indispensable pu lic service. However typical of its tim Hanna's traction company was a "b trust."

At his best or his worst Hanna d played in impressive measure the qua ties of the great consolidators of l generation. He had initiative, the abil

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:o organize and to manage, passion, ıssiduity, flair—even a touch of theater, which he loved. Those attributes narked his quests for wealth and, be-ɣond wealth, for "the power which only ɯealth can give." It was that desire for ɔower that drove Hanna to politics, as lid his belief in the identity of inter-ɜsts between business, including his ɔwn business, and the community at arge, whether the city of Cleveland, he state of Ohio or the whole nation. His sense of the primacy and univer-ality of business interests informed his ɔolitical program. It was, with no sig-ıificant variation, the program of American business in the late 19th entury and for decades to come: a pro-ective tariff; a sound currency based ın gold; public subsidies for lagging ɾrivate enterprise (Hanna in the Senate oncentrated on the merchant marine); nd governmental restraint from inter-ɜrence with the policies of private ıanagement. From those tenets, which onstrued business confidence and rosperity as the highest good, the istance to imperialism was not long. few overseas markets for the products f American industry, Hanna conclud-ɨ, would serve that interest. It fol-ɔwed, though he disliked war, that he ıw positive assets in the fallout from ıe war with Spain, especially in the :quisition of the Philippines. Since in is creed the nation profited thereby, is conscience was easy.

The very easiness of his conscience, ; well as the special logic that under-rded it, suggested motivations on his ırt and on the part of businessmen of ‹e mind that coincided with the moti-ıtions which Marxist critics attributed finance capitalism everywhere. His-rians of the 1960s who have argued at a quest for economic advantage ıs determined American foreign poli-could properly point to Hanna for nfirmatory evidence. "Naturally," ıanna would probably have com-ented. "Inevitably," Croly as much admitted, without any pejorative ıplication.

The Republican Party had counted ɔon its money-raising and spending several national campaigns before ıanna enlarged and enhanced the man-ement and the scope of the operation 1896. The party had made special peals to sundry ethnic groups, but ıanna made those appeals broader and ɔre systematic. So, too, the party had d its spiritual seat in the Middle ɜst, and Hanna shrewdly placed one ıjor headquarters office in Chicago, which outstripped New York in 1896 as the center for Republican strategy. Those tactics supported the unprece-dented outpouring of propaganda that Hanna organized in behalf of McKinley and of gold. As Croly's description of that huge effort suggested, it was the first major public relations campaign in modern American politics. Theodore Roosevelt, an emerging master of public relations in his own right, saw precisely what Hanna had done. "He has adver-tised McKinley," Roosevelt said, "as if he were a patent medicine."

The dominant Republican politicians in their states, men like Thomas C. Platt in New York and Matthew Quay in Pennsylvania, had built alliances among their own kind, equals or in-feriors, alliances that bound town and city machines to state organizations and wove the latter into an unstable national confederation. While suffi-ciently adroit in the mean politics of tradition, Hanna recruited a newer breed of man to take over control of Republican state organizations, par-ticularly in the Middle West, the region of his largest influence. These were men originally trained, as he had been, in industry. He did not abandon the old reciprocal relationships of favor and loyalty, but the alliances he forged re-sembled in the aggregate the business structures familiar to the men who managed their separate parts, whether in Colorado or in Wisconsin or in Illi-nois. The Republican leadership, as a result, was not only more genteel than it had been, it was also richer, more ef-ficient, and more energetic in advanc-ing the broad purposes it proudly served. That leadership, while no less selfish than before, became more sensi-tive to the desirability of accommodat-ing to change by surrendering the ap-pearance of the *status quo* in order to preserve its essence. Hanna's new Old Guard were conservative; they were also effective, adaptive and agile.

The caricature of Mark Hanna, "Dollar Mark," a bloated capitalist with one foot on the throat of the people, ex-pressed the fear and loathing of the Hearst press and the Bryan Democrats who felt, better than they knew, that Hanna symbolized and mobilized the forces in American society against which the radicals of the 1890s protested so bitterly. The caricature was unfair, though Hanna rather enjoyed the car-toons. As a symbol of predatory wealth, Hanna was far less appropriate than were his schoolmates, the Rockefellers, or the Platts and Quays whom the rob-

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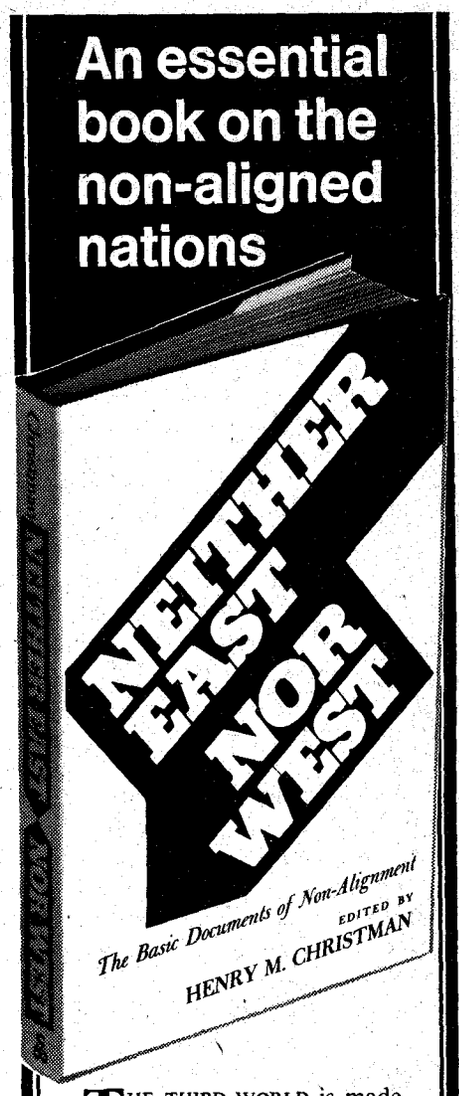

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ber barons cultivated. But as an organizer of the politics of conservatism, Hanna had no visible peer. He had an ideal agent in McKinley, whose intellectual vacuity was usually covered by a blanket of soft conventionality and contented religiosity. And both men had a common touch.

A banker once asked Hanna about the "lower classes." "You mean working men?" Hanna replied. "Or do you mean criminals and that kind of people? Those are the lower classes." For the people Hanna liked were working people, whether men working on a railway or in a mill, or in a manager's or statesman's office. He was not by temperament or conviction a generous judge of humanity. He did not suffer in his heart for the deprived. But neither was he greedy or pompous or vain; so by and large, the people Hanna liked, liked him. Herbert Croly admired him.

Energy, physical, social and personal, fascinated Herbert Croly. So did geniality. Shy though he was, Croly enjoyed cards, tennis, good talk and good company. Attracted by Hanna's easy companionability, he was absorbed by what he felt Hanna represented. Because of that absorption and because of Croly's own stature as an intellectual, Hanna brought less to his biographer than his biographer gave to him. Croly's *Hanna*, like his more celebrated *The Promise of American Life*, reveals the influence of August Comte's positivism in Croly's "technocratic conception" of society, in his pervasive assumption of "an organic social system with ideas and institutions interconnected and mutually dependent," in his historicism, and in his implicit faith in Comte's religion of brotherhood. From Santayana as well as from Comte, Croly derived an elitist doctrine, including his belief in the "sort of natural aristocracy" that he found among "the boys who played and fought with Mark Hanna," an aristocracy confirmed by its excellence of performance. And from William James, as well as from his own adult predilections, Croly learned that no set of beliefs was fixed and final, but rather a transitory system to be tested and adjusted through experience. There lay his rationale for insisting upon the relevance of Hanna's creed to its times. The social and political ideas of Hanna's America stood for Croly as an inevitable stage in the transition from an earlier, agrarian country to the industrial nation whose necessary reform is implied in the last chapter of the biography.

From first to last in the *Hanna*, Croly also expressed various presumptions about man and society that he shared with other middle-class Americans, presumptions that characterized the culture of the early 20th century. His "natural aristocracy," for example, depended partly upon the accidents of national origin. Hanna's ancestry, he wrote, included "a compound of the best strains entering into the American racial stock"—Scotch-Irish, Welsh, English, Dutch, French Huguenot (all of them, incidentally, Protestant in religion). "If a thorough mixture," he went on, "of many good racial ingredients constitutes, as is now usually supposed, an heredity favorable to individual energy and distinction, Mark Hanna started life with that basic advantage." By implication, men descended from the new immigrants or from black or yellow parents suffered a natural disadvantage. They were lesse

Alive and Taking Names

If I set out to list ointments
would I find myself slick,
ceaselessly involved
in salves, balms, daubs, smears,
referencing spikenard, lotion, pomade,
greasing the wheels, as it were, of my skin?

Best to forego fat, the oleoginous stuff
that lards the heart.

If I set out to list ills, aigue, pox, bloody flux,
would I find myself sick,
ceaselessly involved in croup, rot,
referencing bran, drugging the fool
in the ward of my skull?

Best to forego pain, the surgical brain
doesn't love nouns.

Croaker, monger, medic, quack,
sawbones, prober, jawsmith, vet,
I am well, sound, hale, cross referenced with fit,
snuffing the morning air, alive and taking names.

COLETTE INEZ

Solomon

your anger strikes at me
with metallic arms
whirring the night air
in our bedroom
like propellers
you must go
bearing the child I bore
without me
to your mother
I touch your tense back
as you stare
programmed to fulfill
her wishes
I must give away my half
or she will cut you in two
but I am not your real
mother

JILL HOFFMAN

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nen, and Croly had no argument with Hanna's vote for a bill imposing educational qualifications on immigrants, a bill designed to reduce the flow of esser men from central and southern Europe to the United States.

Yet for Croly, as for Hanna, Theodore Roosevelt and others of similar mind, esser men could win redemption by working hard, while the natural aristocrat surrendered his distinction if he ailed to engage in productive work. Croly considered it vital, as he put it, that Hanna "earned by personal economic services his private fortune." The moral distinction between earning money by producing goods or services and earning by lending or speculation had persisted as an article of American faith from the colonial period into the 20th century. Simple people, good people, whether at work on a farm or in a shop or in the office of a local business like Hanna's, disliked and distrusted Wall Street. So did Croly. So did other sophisticated Eastern progressives, among them Louis D. Brandeis who attacked the manipulation of "other people's money" and Theodore Roosevelt who denounced the "malefactors of great wealth."

Croly identified the industrial producer with the American pioneer and both with an active and efficient life. Efficiency in this definition existed when "the action adopted is determined by the economic environment." It followed that the industrial capitalist in the United States in the late 19th century built for the nation while he worked for himself. "The American democratic state," Croly maintained, "had promised its citizens prosperity and comfort and had recognized the responsibility by doing its best to stimulate economic activity." Accordingly Croly respected private, capitalistic interests which he wanted to preserve while to protect the superior public interest, he prescribed an agenda of reform that would restore balance "to the whole system." No revolutionist, Croly spoke the language of preservation through reform, and spoke in and to the progressive temper of his time.

Indeed Croly had no respect for the indigenous radicalism of the rural West and South, just as he had small interest in farmers or their concerns. His biography neglected even to mention Hanna's involvement in promoting a federal program for irrigation in the arid West. Croly wrote about the 1890s without explicit notice of the severe depression of the decade, or of the suffering and despair of American farmers and workers, or of the genesis and direction of Populism, their spirited movement for substantial economic and political reform. Consistently he revealed an Eastern and conservative bias, especially in his disdain for Bryan.

Progressives like Croly, Walter Lippmann and Theodore Roosevelt put their faith for the future in expert management, including the management of a positive and penetrating federal government. They believed in advancing democratic objectives by promoting and supervising modern industrialism. But Croly exorcised the ambiguity of his elitist doctrine by democratizing those whose course in public life he applauded. He continually called McKinley and Hanna "representative" men. In defense of that assertion, he discerned majorities without recourse to statistical proof. Most Republicans, he claimed, wanted McKinley nominated

The Lamb

I did not know that in the world there lurked
Various death:
Fangs and fruits and falling trees,
Mushrooms and a writhing mud.
I did not know that in the world
Grew sinister berries and dubious roots.
I was young and quick, I was wary of none of these.
I drank black water and clattered through caves.
I was a creature of the shepherd, and this was my game.

All day long
I sipped and I nibbled: shoots from glistening trees;
Tart berries, for the sake of their shining husks; garlands
That fostered a bane under their bright petals; pools
With fevers in their dark mirrors I found, and drank from
every one.

And not till I lay
Swelled and cracked on the grass did I guess what I had eaten.
Not till I lay
With crumbling hooves kicking the grass
Did I guess what I had done.

My shepherd and my flock
Called for me down the dusky fields; but childhood
Had no potion that could lave over this fever,
And they called and they called in vain.

MARY OLIVER

Little Songs

That you might want
what machines have made as me,
what trees have dropped in pieces
as me, flower, seed, leaf,

what is tough as a rootcrop
grown in unloved soil,
what's come unnailed
in a roof, what tendrils of paint,

slivers, 15 amp
fuse—living with me
is like living without a phonograph,
selling your good books

and keeping only an astronomy text
to start a fire.

SANDRA MCPHERSON

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in 1896. Perhaps they did, but the delegates to the national convention had not been chosen by popular election and the votes of some of them, as Croly admitted, had been bought for McKinley. Representativeness for Croly was not simply a function of majorities. The people were sovereign only if they provided majorities for the discerning elite, which in Croly's reading they had done in 1896. He seemed to believe in Rousseau's general will, suitably Americanized.

Mark Hanna's Uncle Kersey, Croly noted, lived until 1909 and could remember his grandfather, a Scotch-Irish immigrant of 1763. Croly understood, even though he rejected them, the attachments to the soil and to the assumptions of a bucolic culture that beguiled so many of his generation. To reach that audience he had to take those attachments into account. So did Theodore Roosevelt, the "natural aristocrat" from whom Croly drew his greatest inspiration. Both men suggested a resolution of agrarian and industrial values through a single, encompassing and fusing process. For Roosevelt the resolving agency was the vigorous life whether lived in the saddle, at the workbench, or on the hustings. Croly gave identical emphasis to vigor, work and energy. He endowed the creative businessman—Mark Hanna—with the attributes of the pioneer. In the continuous process of national development, though at different stages, the frontiersman and the industrialist had been as one in virtue. For Croly, as for those Americans to whom he spoke there was no need to reconcile the agrarian past and the industrial present for the best values of the two, the values inherent in striving to fulfill the opportunities of the environment, were identical. They were also heroic values, as Croly saw it, that made Hanna a fit subject for his attention and Hanna's career an efficient object for his theorizing.

Yet in the end Hanna's greatest attractions for Croly were energy and success. "He was bound," Croly wrote "run until he dropped." Half a century later, the virtue of that compulsion appears questionable at least. Hanna and his associates, Croly also wrote, gradually converted the Republican Party "into probably the most efficient partisan machine for the transaction of political business that had been built this country." Watergate has freshened old doubts about the desirability partisan efficiency, attempted achieved. By current standards, Croly attributed to Hanna a greatness he did not deserve. But Croly did have shrewd sense of the importance Hanna in history, and in explaining that importance he disclosed much interest about himself and his fellow progressives. As a consequence, *Hanna* remains a significant book.

John Morton Blum

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auffmann, *from page 24*

appy ending, but no matter.) This is l shattered by the blow that Anderson nites. At that moment I had the feel- g that the very long, heavily fraught nterprise had been created for just at blow, so that Anderson could rike someone else on screen, an actor, creation of his, like a master, like a aumaturge, like a demi-god ordain- g life. It revolted me. It was the single ost sickening, self-indulgent, ego- ooling moment I've seen in a film nce woozy Norman Mailer got down his hands and knees and barked ck at a barking dog in *Wild 90*.

'ven without that slap, the fortuitous ppy ending, which is supposed to rry the irony of the end of *The Three- nny Opera*, would fail: because what s gone before has been so pompous, trite, so full of mannerism without atter. The film could have ended an ur sooner or gone on three hours ore: the plain truth is that Anderson d Sherwin have *absolutely nothing to* / — and I use the word "say" in its dest possible sense.

s further evidence of his meaning- s daring, Anderson casts some of his ors in a number of different roles, nost always without disguise. (Life a play, you see, and one man in his ie plays many parts, and characters d types repeat along life's journey, d oh my aching back.) Ralph Richard- n is touching as a lonely old duffer the small hotel, who gives McDowell omic advice and a symbolic golden t that he's made for the young man ich miraculously fits perfectly; but hardson is quite wrong later as the hless tycoon. And the "doubling" tern is toyed with. I kept wonder- , dullard that I am, why McDowell n't recognize Rachel Roberts or ndy Nichols or Mona Washbourne en they popped up elsewhere again other people; then he *did* recognize len Mirren, the girl in the van, when popped up later in a different set- g — only she was still the character had been. So, because her name s still the same, McDowell knew he l seen her before.

ut of this mess of pretentiousness l egotism and aimless skill, what erges finally? A great zero for this n and a hovering zero for Anderson's n future. How can one still hope that is going to acquire the discipline — own or someone else's — to make a ole, good film? He's now 50 years old, pretty well molded, and if this film seems a stubborn bad-tempered reaction to the response to his first two features, what will his reaction be to the response to this one? His work in the theater, serving projects defined by someone else, is extraordinary, as far as I have seen it: his production of Storey's *Home* and the American productions of Storey's *The Contractor* and *The Changing Room* which were presumably modeled on his London originals. In the theater I hope he keeps working and that I can see everything he does. But the line of his film career points drastically down.

Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid shows what Sam Peckinpah can do when he doesn't put his mind to it. He bought himself yet one more reworking of this much-chewed story, this time by Rudolph Wurlitzer, a young novelist whom some people esteem highly. Into this story of an outlaw who was a *kid*, Peckinpah has nevertheless managed to inject his usual autumnal colors, his theme of active men growing old; and on this story of mindless murders, he has even managed to impose some populist Robin Hood overlay. (If a man is poor, particularly if he's Mexican, he's Good.)

But this stale saga of the tracking and killing of the outlaw (Kris Kristofferson, husky-voiced and fat) by his former outlaw pal now turned lawman (James Coburn, the poor man's Lee Marvin) is dull, slow, and sillily portentous. What a lot of loutish, cretinous, degenerate layabouts they all are, supposed to be epic because once in a while, or oftener, they kill one another.

Bob Dylan is in the film, a sort of quizzical quiet knife-throwing pal of Billy's. I hope Dylan hasn't given up his singing career.

But, through all the crud, Peckinpah's filmmaking mastery still shines. His violence is still the most shaking on the screen (not the most gory). And, aided by his cameraman John Coquillon, he proves again his wonderful eye. In one sequence, a man rides alongside a pond, himself and horse swallowed in shadow but both visible as reflected in the water.

And a special note for Ted Haworth, the art director. Haworth, whose credits include *Some Like It Hot*, musicals, and Westerns, has designed saloons and trading posts which are much too good for the goings-on in them but which at least Peckinpah's eye appreciates.

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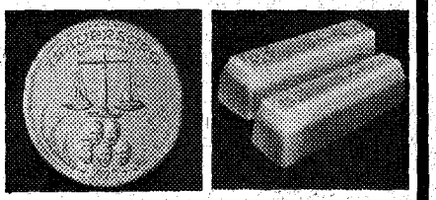

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